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NOVEMBER 11, 1983

Vol. 35 No. 22

m. F. Buckley Jr. on
'The Right Stuff'
—See page 1436

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Richard Brookhiser on John Glenn's Campaign

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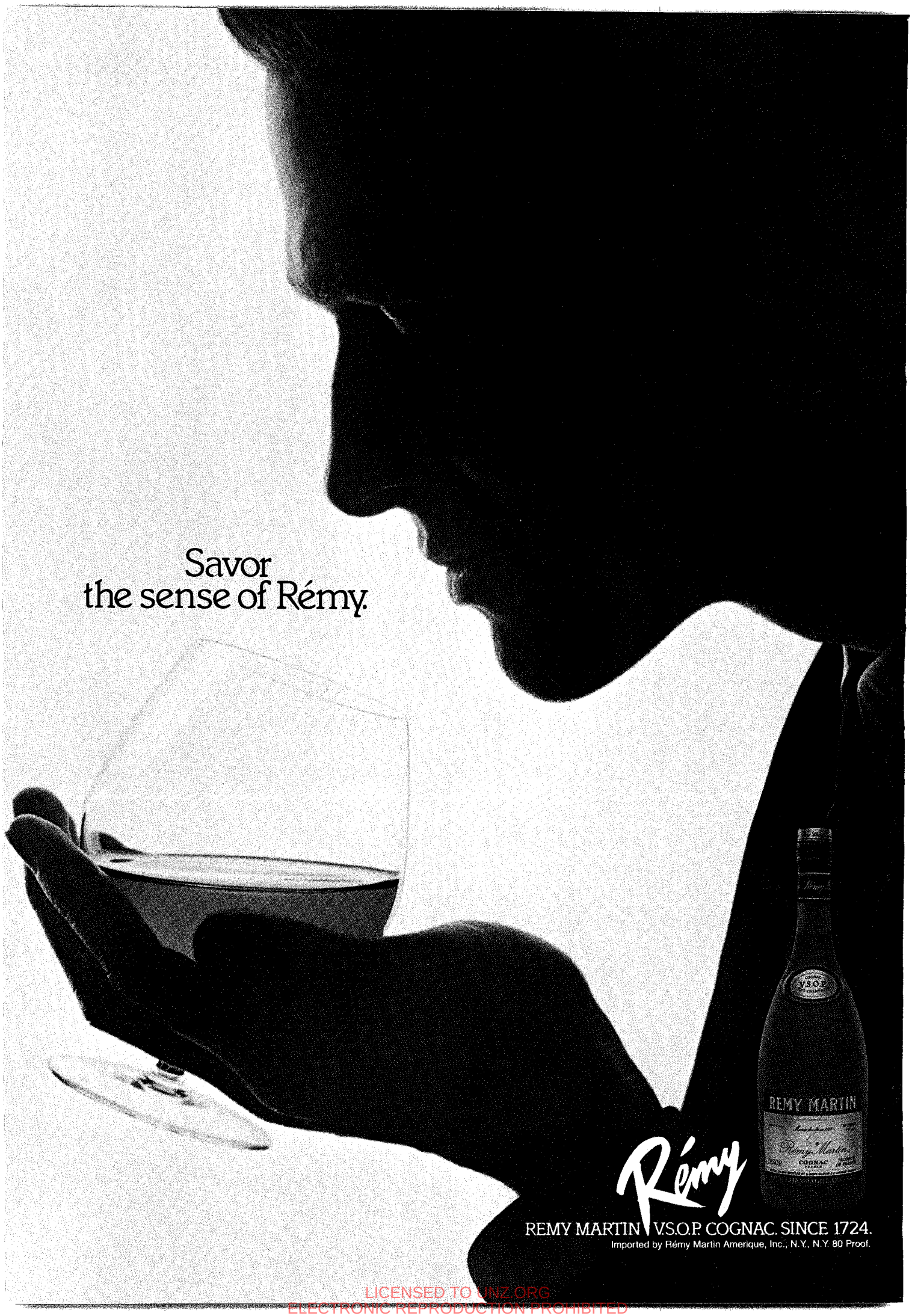
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# NATIONAL REVIEW

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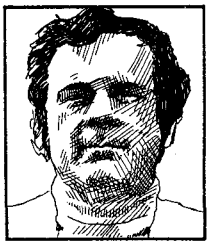

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## The Cover


**1394 Why Not the Best II**

Trailing Walter Mondale, John Glenn has some strategic decisions to make. Should he move leftward, or is McGovernism the Wrong Stuff for him? Should he attack Mondale, or opt for party unity? Should he play up to the traditional Democratic tribes, or come on as Mr. Public Interest? The decisions most likely to help him win the nomination, moreover, may help lose him the election. At any rate, one of his assets is sincerity. Or is that a liability?

*Richard Brookhiser*


## Articles & Columns


**1388 All Systems Go**

The Reagan re-election campaign has begun, in all but name. Two things could stop it cold.

*John McLaughlin*

**1390 The Golden Rule**

Officially, we are off the gold standard. But the yellow dirt still provides a guide to action, which Paul Volcker should heed. *Tom Bethell*

**1392 The Hard-Line Case**

Would it really be in our interest to let the Soviet Union collapse? Hell, yes. *Brian Crozier*

**1408 Gay Rights and Straight Realities**

Many social problems are best dealt with in the "fluid channel" of extralegal and informal folkways, and this is how homosexuality has generally been handled. But many homosexual activists, not content with tacit tolerance, are now imprudently asking for a showdown with the American consensus.

*Terry Teachout*

**1414 The Little Wonder Political Happiness Machine**

It just fell out of the sky one day, and Henry Littlefinger couldn't resist. *John Keefauver*


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# Letters

## On the Left

I am glad that *NR* has at last noticed the evangelical Left ["First Church of Christ Socialist," Oct. 28]. While you weren't looking, it has had a huge impact on evangelicalism as a whole, both because its members are so completely sure of their position, and because they are willing to make sacrifices that most of us know we would be unwilling to make. Mr. Billingsley suggests some possible reasons for the attraction of the evangelical Left, but I think he leaves one out. A lot of evangelicals are dissatisfied with their cultural isolation, and people like the *Sojourners* crowd are much more in tune with the educated establishment than most evangelical groups. It's a shame that so many sincere people have been so misguided.

*Joanne Bricker*
*Philadelphia, Pa.*

## Media Muddle

In his review of Fred Greenstein's biography of Eisenhower ["Who Was Eisenhower?" Oct. 14], Jeffrey Hart gives credibility to the liberal media canard re Ike's belittling Nixon's contribution to his Administration.

The fact is that Eisenhower's "give me a week" statement was snapped out of context by the Washington press corps, a journalistic habit that endures to this day when the fortunes of Republican candidates (or officeholders) are involved.

This was the context of the Eisenhower remark: Each week he held a news conference. At the end of one particular session he was headed toward the exit when a reporter—a Sam Donaldson of his day—got in one last shot, with a shouted question about Nixon's contribution. At this point Eisenhower could have ignored the question or stopped, reflected on it, and delivered a recitation. He should have taken the first option, but, like another Republican President we know, he didn't care to give the appearance of stiffing a reporter. His "give me a week" remark was simply a way of saying, "Look, this conference is over but bring it up next week."

Needless to say, history doesn't indicate the question ever came up again. It didn't have to. The anti-Nixon press corps had what it wanted. It seized Eisenhower's comment and, in its endearing smart-ass way, interpreted it as a Nixon putdown.

It wasn't a case, as Hart concludes, of Eisenhower's "not feeling benign that day," but rather of the press corps' operating at its malign best. I have no illusions that Eisenhower was especially fond of his Vice President; but in this instance, much as I admire Jeffrey Hart's work, I wouldn't want to see another liberal media myth perpetuated.

*Victor Gold*
*Falls Church, Va.*

## Bad Air

For twenty years I have looked forward to receiving NATIONAL REVIEW as a "breath of fresh air" that provided a principled dialogue concerning national and international affairs. However, in the September 30 issue the air became rank as principle gave way to the intellectual dishonesty of extolling President Reagan's response to the Russian destruction of KAL Flight 007. Had Jimmy or Fritz performed in like manner we conservatives would have nailed him to the wall for his pusillanimous response.

I've read and re-read your defense for some hint of intellectual rationale or principle. The only result was the strengthening of a visceral feeling that my personal hard work for Mr. Reagan's election in 1980 was a case of my being had. Should you follow up with the question: "Where can you go in 1984?" as asked by Mr. Reagan's political advisors, the answer will be simple—I'm going fishing. If Fritz or whoever winds up in the Oval Office, we'll just continue the leadership of politics as usual rather than the leadership of principle that we fatuously hoped for in 1980. As a personal note, I hope my two sons and their fellow Marines will not be the next victims of the type of leadership you have found fit to laud.

*Kenneth E. Wyman*
*Huntsville, Ala.*

## In the Round

As an indirect beneficiary of your very decent policy of arranging for "scholarship" subscriptions for students (my wife is the direct beneficiary and, with me, is studying literature), I feel compelled to repay your generosity with a little pedantry—to wit, William Rickenbacker's statement, "I would draw such a big circle around my love for languages (I am thinking of Emily Dickinson's poem) . . ." ["The Latin Hour," Aug. 19], is probably wrong. Mr. Rickenbacker is thinking, I believe, of Edwin Markham's poem "Outwitted," which goes:

*He drew a circle that shut me out—*
*Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.*
*But Love and I had the wit to win:*
*We drew a circle that took him in.*

Heretically,

*Steven Goldleaf*
*Denver, Colo.*

→



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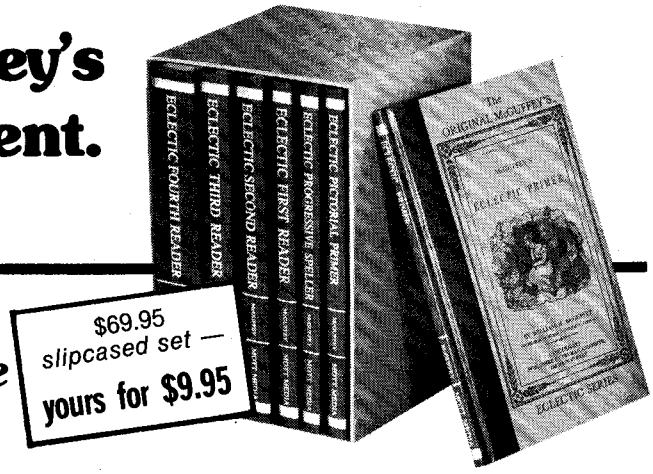


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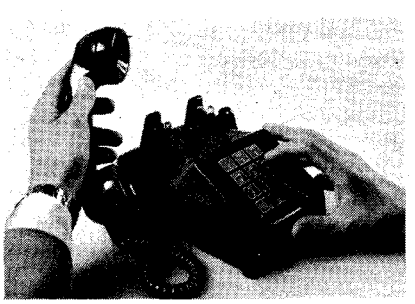

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## Swedish Secrets

In his "Protracted Conflict" column on Sweden [Sept. 16], Brian Crozier might well have referred to points made by former General Jan Sejna in his book *We Will Bury You* (published in 1982 by Sidgwick and Jackson in England, and by Methuen in Canada). As Mr. Crozier has mentioned in the past, Sejna—before he defected in 1968—held a key position in Czechoslovakia's Communist hierarchy, with access to much secret information about the Soviet Union's ambitious designs on the non-Communist world.

According to Sejna, Soviet-bloc penetration of Sweden was so successful during the 1960s that "at least" 40 per cent of the Social Democratic Party fell "under our direction or influence." No doubt that helps to explain what Crozier calls "a wave of left-wing lobbying" in support of Olof Palme.

As for the possibility of a Soviet attack on Sweden, Sejna reports that Moscow's war plans called for invasion of that country "on the first day of hostilities." The Kremlin laid down the principle that "it would be a betrayal of the working class for any commander to respect capitalist neutrality." The Swiss as well as the Swedes were intended victims of this doctrine.

I am surprised that Sejna's important book has attracted so little attention.

*Kenneth H. W. Hilborn*
*London, Ont.*

## Unprecedented

Joseph Sobran ["The Brando Method," Sept. 16] says that Marlon Brando, refusing his Oscar, "set such a powerful precedent for radical chic that when Jane Fonda got *her* Oscar a year or two later, she practically apologized for *not* taking the occasion to denounce capitalism."

These are the facts:

1. Jane Fonda got her Oscar *one year before* Marlon Brando got his: So what Sobran refers to as Brando's "precedent" had no effect on Miss Fonda's speech.

2. Miss Fonda chose against taking the occasion to make statements about *the war in Vietnam* (not capitalism).

3. What Brando did the following year had to do with *the American Indian* (not capitalism).

*Harry Becker*
*Denver, Colo.*

## Princeton Standards

I was delighted to see Jeffrey Hart's article, "When Did Hobey Baker Die?" [Sept. 30]. I have seldom been more touched.

I was brought up to think that Princeton was a place where the good people went after death. It was a surprise to find later that it was only a university. My sister and brother and I were taught to sing uncomplimentary songs about Harvard and Yale



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before we were old enough to sing hymns.

My father was a member of the class of 1914 and attended every class reunion up to his fiftieth. My mother never thought of going along with him. He was contemptuous of the young undergraduates of later years who visited women's colleges on weekends rather than stay at the Nass and drink beer and sing ribald songs.

My great-uncle, Booth Tarkington, was the first of our family to open the door to an enchanted land by attending Princeton. A procession of men followed from Indianapolis including my two uncles as well as my father, many cousins and friends, and Dave Allerdyce, with his white gold hair, a hero to all my generation.

When I returned to Princeton a few years ago, after my father's death, and saw the changes that had taken place, for the first and only time in my life I was thankful that my father was not there.

*Patricia Cochran*
*Indianapolis, Ind.*

Professor Hart is much disturbed by the heavy "Third World" presence at Princeton, comparing that presence to the degenerate society portrayed in the movie *Blade Runner* and implying that the university has lowered its standards substantially to allow more minority students to attend. It has been my experience that the minority students at universities such as Princeton are of high caliber, especially the foreign-born from Third World countries, and have displayed greater intellectual acumen than the sons of multi-generation alumni and wealthy benefactors, who, we are to presume, are more acceptable to Professor Hart. It has been a fact of life at Ivy League universities that academic achievement alone has never been the sole criterion for gaining admission, and that includes Hobey Baker's era. Give me a gifted minority student over the child of the wealthy elite who gets by on "gentlemen's Cs" any day.

Professor Hart further points to the overall degeneration of Princeton and all other Ivy League universities by alluding to the drop in athletic achievement, most notably in football. Yes, it is true that Yale is far from being ranked #1 in the polls, and Columbia will never again appear in the Rose Bowl. But is this because of degeneration in the Ivy League? If anything, it is because the Ivy League universities still stress academic performance over football.

*Keith W. Yowell*
*Milford, N.J.*

Perhaps it is, indeed, a good thing that Hobey Baker can't see Princeton in 1983, considering the anguish with which many of his approximate contemporaries see us. But when I consider that my own presence here is one result of the change that came in the Sixties, I can only be thankful. And


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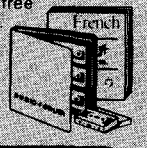


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# Merit Pay for Teachers

Amid the chorus of concern about the troubles afflicting education in America, the idea of merit pay for teachers is gaining favor.

Fully 80% of the people polled in a recent national survey expressed their approval of basing salaries on merit to attract and retain better public school teachers.

In most fields, including business, the best pay generally goes to the best professional performers. Not so in teaching.

Traditionally, pedagogic salaries are scaled to length of service up to a ceiling. Teachers of equal experience and educational attainments, working in the same school system, get the same pay. Meritorious performance goes unrecognized in the paycheck.

Lack of financial incentive is one of the reasons why the brightest prospects among college students are discouraged from taking up teaching. Too many job openings in the schools go to second-raters. As a result, students in alarming numbers are coming out of the public schools, diplomas in hand, ill prepared for college or the workplace.

A pivotal solution to the nation's educational shortcomings lies in upgrading the teaching ranks. Any such effort must be directed at keeping top teachers in the classrooms, instead of disheartening them so they leave for jobs elsewhere, and also at attracting newcomers who are smart, talented, and motivated.

There's merit to merit pay. In the words of President Reagan, "How else do you provide an incentive for attracting the best and the brightest into education?"

If we want better education, we need better teachers. One way to draw them is to pay them better. Basic pay scales should be improved. This should be coupled with accountability for performance and special recompense for special creativity, dedication, and achievement in stretching young minds.

Teacher's organizations have long opposed merit pay, although their opposition shows signs of changing in the face of mounting public disaffection with the educational system. Among their concerns is that supervisors and administrators would be swayed by personal favoritism and would apply unfair standards in judging teachers' work. To us in business and industry, where performance appraisals and pay pegged to merit are accepted practices, that scarcely seems to be an insoluble drawback.

Teaching used to be one of the most honored of professions. Public education in America used to be unrivaled in quality. Recognizing and rewarding excellence in teaching, through merit pay, could help restore the profession and the institution to the stature they once held.

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I know there's still enough style at Princeton—especially compared with almost anywhere else in the American university world—to give it a unique quality, and even to satisfy those who crave style more than substance. For such are those who misinterpret Hobey Baker's legacy. St. Augustine's *Confessions* refute Mr. Hart's assertion of intention inseparable from style, when the saint laments the man who is worried more about the pronunciation of words in his prosecution than the essence of the prosecution itself.

If what Mr. Hart feels about the Third World Center, the Women's Center, and our parkas is true, he should criticize them on their substantive defects, not in a memorial to homogeneity at Princeton.

Finally, Mr. Hart, please give our generation *some* time before you doom us to mediocrity. Were the curmudgeons of their days aware of Fitzgerald, Wilson, and Bishop when they studied here? You'd be surprised how many of today's Princetonians, part of races, creeds, or genders previously denied the joy, *are* inspired by Fitzgerald's Gothic spires by night. We still sing "Old Nassau" with pride—and, please, Mr. Hart, believe it: We *did* get the requisite SATs, despite our proletarian appearances, and I know I'm proud to have earned the honor to be here, along with *anyone* else who also made it on his merits, not his—or her—button-down Oxfords.

*Ronald D. Coleman, '85*
*Princeton, N.J.*

## In Defense

Your curious, waspish comment on Menachem Begin's resignation ["The Week," Sept. 30] is another example of the strange way you deal with Israel.

To call Begin a "Polish émigré" is to ignore the essence of the man—a little like calling Columbus a Spanish sailor. That essence, the reason for his fierce tenacity (and all those qualities that resulted in a terrible press from people who like clients to be appreciatively humble), is summed up in the expression, "Never again!" Begin is a child of the Holocaust, his mind annealed in the conviction that all those centuries of bowing, smiling, accommodating Jews—all led to Auschwitz and Treblinka in a world that pays endless lip service to those "Jewish qualities" of the New Testament but respects only those of the Old Testament. "Never again!" means, in that sense, "We'll start turning the other cheek when you do."

*NR*'s Middle Eastern views are the Realpolitik views that—to people like Begin—leave the world much as he found it. His vision—ferocious, unbending, and narrow, if you like—was to change the world for his people so that history would never again repeat.

*Saul David*
*Van Nuys, Calif.*


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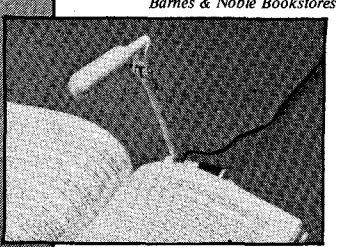

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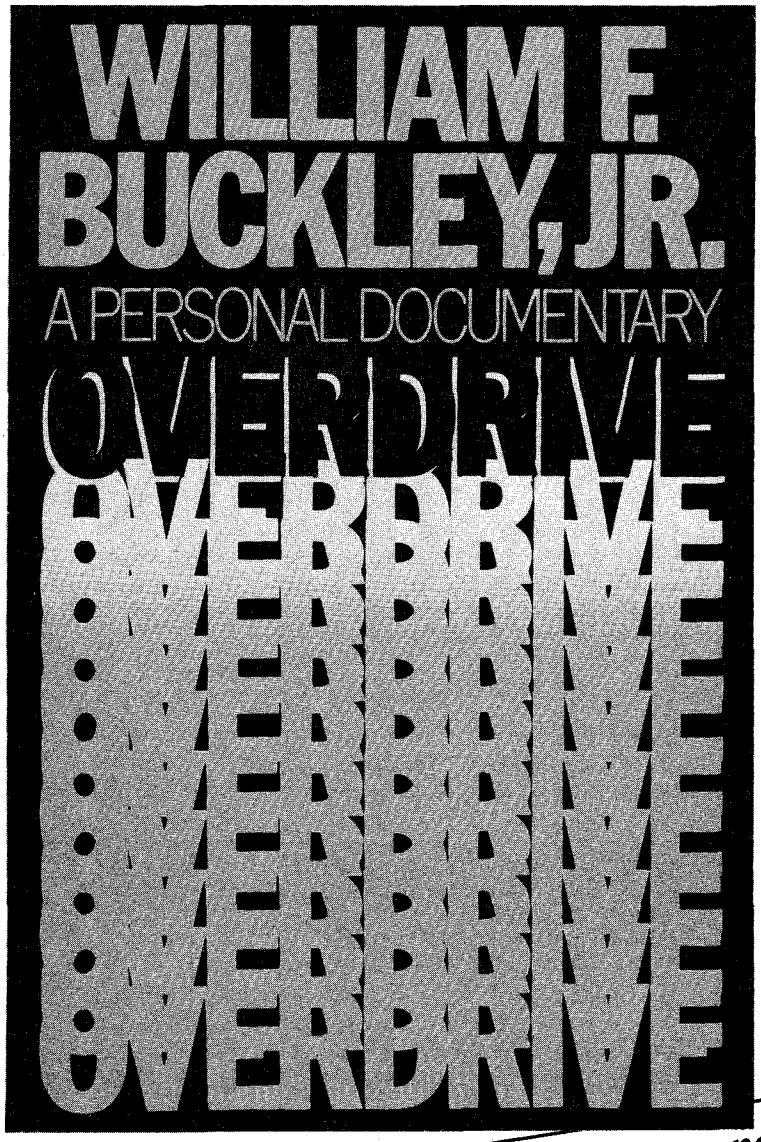


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—Curt Schleier
*Kansas City Star*

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**—*People***

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# FOR THE RECORD

■ After Beirut bombing and Grenada invasion, **Ronald Reagan** got help from surprising source: House Speaker **Tip O'Neill**. House leadership quashed move by some Democrats to force vote on U.S. troop withdrawal from Lebanon. While many Democrats question move on Grenada—Senator **Lawton Chiles** (D., Fla.): "Are we looking for a war we can win?"—O'Neill said now is not the time for the press and Congress to be critical of U.S. Government, "when our Marines and Rangers are in action down there." . . . American death toll in Beirut blast exceeded deaths from any similar incident in Vietnam, reports **Fox Butterfield** of *New York Times*. Largest number of U.S. soldiers killed in one day in Vietnam was 246 on January 31, 1968, start of Tet offensive. U.S. toll for October 23 blast in Beirut may even exceed that. . . . Invasion of Grenada has slightly chilled U.S.-British relations. When Prime Minister **Margaret Thatcher** told U.S. of her opposition to invasion, Secretary of State **George Shultz** replied: "We responded to the urgent request of the states in the area. . . . The Caribbean is in our neighborhood." . . . **Eugenia Charles**, prime minister of Dominica, described it as closer than that. Caribbean, she said, isn't U.S. back yard; it's the front yard. . . . **Fidel Castro** probably wasn't nearly as upset as he indicated by overthrow of **Maurice Bishop**. Prime Minister Charles told press in Washington of information showing that Soviets and Cubans were behind Bishop's ouster and death. Trigger man is said to be Lieutenant Colonel **Hubert Lane**, a Grenadian. U.S. sources describe him as a "certified terrorist" trained inside Soviet Union. . . . Lieutenant Colonel **Desi Bouterse**, far-left ruler of Surinam, another neighbor of Grenada, doesn't want to go way of Bishop. On heels of Grenadian invasion, Bouterse went on television to announce that he had given

Banx, *Punch* Rothco

**"There's never a cordless telephone around when you need one."**

**Oscar Oswaldo Cárdenas**, Cuba's ambassador to Surinam, six days to leave country. "After an evaluation of the relations between Surinam and Cuba," he said, "we have decided to suspend all the existing agreements temporarily between Surinam and Cuba." Cárdenas, like **Julián Torres Rizo**, Cuba's ambassador to Grenada, is member of Cuban Communist Party's Central Committee, branch of Cuban government charged with spreading little Cubas throughout Western Hemisphere. . . . Anti-Sandinistas are ecstatic over Grenada. **Adolfo Calero Portocarrero**, president of Nicaraguan Democratic Force, declared: "We think the United States has finally abandoned its policy of drift and indecision in Central America and is ready to take decisive action to put an end to Soviet expansionism." . . . When will Marines and Rangers leave? Administration says within a few weeks. Jamaican Prime Minister **Edward Seaga** says Caribbean nations involved in landing—Antigua, Barbados, Dominica, Jamaica, St. Lucia, and St. Vincent—will maintain security until elections can be held, in about six months.

■ Why **Robert McFarlane**? Because of "Baker-Deaver option." According to **Lou Cannon** story in *Washington Post*, White House Chief of Staff **James Baker III** wanted to replace **William Clark** as National Security Advisor, and, the scenario went, Baker's vacant slot would be filled by **Mike Deaver**, deputy chief of White House staff. But this option was nixed by Clark, White House counselor **Edwin Meese III**, Defense Secretary **Caspar Weinberger**, and CIA Director **William Casey**. Conservative push for UN Ambassador **Jeane Kirkpatrick** failed because of opposition from Shultz, Baker, and Deaver. McFarlane was compromise choice. If Mrs. Kirkpatrick had her way, Clark would still be at NSC. She told *Washington Post* interviewer: "It is an unmitigated disaster for [Clark] to leave. That decision shouldn't have been made. And, once made, it should have been rescinded." . . . Environmentalists finding it hard to get a bead on soon-to-be Interior Secretary Clark. **James Watt**'s "style and policies were generically bad," said **Jay D. Hair**, executive vice president of National Wildlife Federation. "Now [in Clark] we have a style that is more humane and more decent. That's harder to attack." . . . **Philip Kaufman**, director of *The Right Stuff*, may not want movie to be too successful. Though movie paints flattering portrait of **John Glenn**, Glenn isn't Kaufman's choice for Oval Office. He says **Alan Cranston** gets his political donations. . . . Former astronaut **Gordon Cooper** is for fellow astronaut Glenn in '84, but **Wally Schirra**, another Mercury man, is for Reagan. As for **Chuck Yeager**, former test pilot and real hero of *The Right Stuff*, he sees Glenn "as an astronaut, not a President." For President, he says, "I like Reagan."



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# THE WEEK

■ What those who object to the new holiday fail to realize is that Dr. King in fact did much more for the country than Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Franklin and Mr. Jefferson and those other folks, and besides, we *need* more holidays to reduce the GNP, so just shut up about it.

■ The Rosenbergs gave their secrets to the Soviet Union for love of Communism; James Durward Harper Jr. did it for love of money. Though a gifted computer expert, Harper was going downhill, heading straight for the large heap of losers who aren't quite able to mine the high-tech gold in California's Silicon Valley. What saved him was a generous man from a Polish "company," Zdzislaw Pryzchodzien, whom Harper met in 1975. Through his Polish contact and an American middleman, William Bell Hugle, Harper soon acquired enough money to live in the Mercedes style of the successful inhabitants of the valley. All he had to do was acquire top-secret documents from the technology firms where his wife worked and relay them to his Polish friend. In return for $250,000, Harper over the years furnished the Soviet Union with a mountain of documents detailing Pentagon efforts to enable the Minuteman and other American missiles to survive a preemptive nuclear attack. Asked for his assessment of the documents, an American military official described their value as "beyond calculation." Electrocution would be too kind.

■ In April 1980 a drifter named James D. Autry walked into a small store in Port Arthur, Texas, picked up a six-pack of beer, and approached the cash register. "That will be $2.70," said clerk Shirley Drouet. "Here's your $2.70," said Autry, and shot her between the eyes. After that, he killed one bystander and crippled another; was caught, put on trial, and convicted; lost his appeals; and on October 6 found himself strapped to a table in the execution chamber of the Huntsville, Texas, prison with a catheter inserted in his arm. Twenty-four minutes before he was scheduled to die, Justice Byron White issued a stay, on the grounds that the Court had before it the issue of "proportionality," and that the Autry case might be affected by the forthcoming ruling. Well, okay, it might—but it probably will not be. Proportionality—i.e., commensurateness among crimes assigned a given penalty—is a hazy notion at best, and certainly would not cut much ice with Shirley Drouet. The Supreme Court has already indicated that it shares the general frustration created by endless and esoteric appeals where capital punishment is concerned. In granting this stay, Justice White was probably correct, but we, and no doubt he, hope that we can soon proceed with the long-delayed process of administering justice in behalf of Shirley Drouet and hundreds of other murder victims.

■ Former President Jimmy Carter recently delivered some thoughts on the subject of the strategic-arms negotiations. Speaking in Detroit on October 10, Mr. Carter said the arms-control proposals put forth by the United States and the Soviet Union are simply propaganda. "I don't believe negotiations on either side are being made in good faith," he said. Very interesting. Now for another point of view we turn to former President Jimmy Carter. Speaking in Chicago on October 11, Mr. Carter said: "I have studied the record of all nuclear talks. The Soviets have negotiated in good faith." Well, maybe Amy changed her mind.

■ The Soviets appear to be in serious violation of both SALT I and SALT II. (Though the latter remains unratified, we and the Soviets have agreed to abide by its provisions.) The Soviets have violated SALT I by building a huge (fifty-story) radar installation in Siberia. It is not on the "periphery" of the USSR, as required by the treaty, and it is capable of both detecting incoming weapons and directing ABMs. The Soviets have violated the unratified 1979 treaty by testing two new ICBMs instead of one. In a struggle between the Defense Department, which wanted a public confrontation over the matter, and the State Department, which wanted it brought up secretly in committee in Geneva, the State Department won. The Soviets will deny that the new radar installation can be used with ABMs and will claim that the second ICBM is only a "modification" of the first. The technical character of the case and the political popularity of arms control make this a difficult matter for the Reagan Administration to handle; but the Soviets are cheating, and in the long run it would be a good thing if that became widely known.

■ Did you know that Radio Liberty, which broadcasts to the Soviet Union, is doing awful things and generally

## And Then There Were Three

Weinberger still carries on with a smile;
  Casey's still running the spooks.
Mrs. Kirkpatrick will stay, for a while,
  Hurling acerbic rebukes.
Meanwhile, the writing I read on the wall
  Tells me there's trouble ahead.
Baker and Deaver won't answer a call
  Once the last Indian's dead.

W. H. von Dreele



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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The capital remains transfixed by the grisly carnage in another capital—Beirut. "Mindboggling," exclaims a Washington internationalist who lobbies for foreign governments. "How could the terrorists have penetrated the Marine defense perimeter so easily? And why were so many Marines in one building? Dispersal is rudimentary in military operations." What makes the horror all the more inexplicable is that it almost exactly duplicates the attack on the U.S. Embassy in Beirut last April. "When terrorists have established a successful modus operandi, they repeat it again and again. Everyone knows that," observes a Hill staffer whose field of study is terrorism.

Many here are comparing the inadequate defense of the Marine headquarters in Beirut to the abortive effort to rescue the hostages in Iran under Jimmy Carter, noting that both situations point to the sorry state of our military leadership. Some are quietly suggesting the resignation of Colonel Timothy Geraghty, commander of the Marine forces in Lebanon. (Geraghty was off base, by the way, when the attack occurred at 6:20 A.M.) But no one in authority, either at the Pentagon or in the White House, seems interested in holding Geraghty culpable.

The President is on the horns of a piercing dilemma: If he keeps the Marines in Beirut, he must expand their perimeter, enlarge their vulnerability, and take sides among the various factions in Lebanon. If he pulls them out, that retreat would be tantamount to withdrawal under fire. Hard-liners want Mr. Reagan to appeal to Congress for a greater Marine commitment, arguing that if we cut and run, the Russians will say we're chicken and will expand their own presence through their client, Syria.

Moderates argue that Lebanon is not a prime national-security locale, that the Soviets have no more control over Syria than we have over Israel (Orrin Hatch declared this, too, after a recent Middle Eastern trip), that the Marines can't stay in Lebanon without taking sides, and that politically Beirut is fast becoming Ronald Reagan's Vietnam, a wretched, bottomless pit. On one point, all agree: that there are a lot of people in the Arab world who have axes to grind with the United States, whether because of the Arab-Israeli conflict and our continuing support of Israel, or the Iran-Iraq conflict and our support of those moderate Arab states like Saudi Arabia and Kuwait that loathe Iran and have been helping Iraq. Putting our Marines in Lebanon with their hands tied gives every hostile fanatic with a stick of dynamite a chance to wreak his pent-up vengeance upon us with impunity.

So what to do? The dominant view here, discreetly coalescing and tentatively advanced, is that a phased pullout by all members of the multinational force (MNF) is the best course. (The UN could then be appealed to for its troops to do the policing, as currently occurs in the Sinai.) The mood of the American people supports withdrawal, not as an isolationist lunge, but as a don't-waste-our-boys plea. Our allies must not be left in the lurch, however. So the scenario that is gaining acceptance here is that the United States must first confer with the French, Italians, and Brits to redefine the purpose of the MNF presence in Lebanon, then emerge with a consensus, namely that the MNF mission has been completed, to the extent that such completion is possible: The PLO was evacuated (notwithstanding its partial return) and peace *was* maintained for a time—until the outbreak of civil war disrupted the peace, and thus made the central "peacekeeping" goal of the MNF unachievable.

In a word, there is no peace for the peacekeepers to keep. The MNF mission has been dissolved by events. President Reagan should stress that he is unwilling to allow the U.S. Marines to take sides in an internal conflict, which would ineluctably occur; but that, if circumstances changed, the U.S. would consider a new peacekeeping assignment. Meanwhile, only Lebanon can bring peace to Lebanon.

The fact of the matter is that our Marines have already taken sides: We support the Lebanese government, which is to say the Phalangist Party. In the key battle of Souk-il-Garb, where the Druse warred against the Phalangists in the Shouf Mountains—the Druse's territorial preserve, where the Phalangists had been inadvisedly led by the Israelis, who later quit against the wishes of Bud McFarlane, our new National Security Advisor—U.S. gunships offshore pounded Druse positions in the Shouf. So now, all those who hate the Phalangists—and they are legion—hate us.

The pullout scenario will not relieve Ronald Reagan of all the torment of his dilemma, but it is better than bleeding to death politically. —CATO

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screwing up, and that it even "airs lengthy speeches portraying the United States as a decadent power," and employs "commentators openly contemptuous of Western democratic ideals"? Well, that's the way it is, and you can read all about it in some sixty prominent inches of type in a recent Sunday edition of the *Washington Post*, but you'll have to wait a minute here to learn who it is who gave that deplorable "lengthy speech" that should have been kept off the air. The whole humungus article is an attack on Reagan appointees Frank Shakespeare and Ben Wattenberg, who make policy for Radio Liberty, and it was written by an ex-employee of the radio station, Dimitri K. Simes, who is sore, plus someone named Josef Joffe, and the *Post* obviously thinks it's big, sixty-inch stuff, and, oh yes, the "lengthy speech" they object to was delivered by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn.

■ "The borrowing of holiness for petty prejudices is one of the time-honored tricks of American conservatism." Thus writes Leon Wieseltier (or, in his absence, some other hard-breather at *The New Republic*). What Wieseltier is trying to do is construct a rickety analogy between a social and a theological proposition, i.e., between William Buckley's opinion, expressed in *The New York Times Magazine* (August 28), that one need not have a principled justification for an all-male club, and the theological postulate that belief precedes understanding. Buckley had denied that "men should come forward with rational reasons why, in some situations, they prefer the company of their own gender." No, no, no, says the heavy-breather. Intellectuals "are supposed to come forward with rational reasons. They are supposed to account for inclinations. . . . Tertullian cannot justify the Century Club." Yeah, Wieseltier, and



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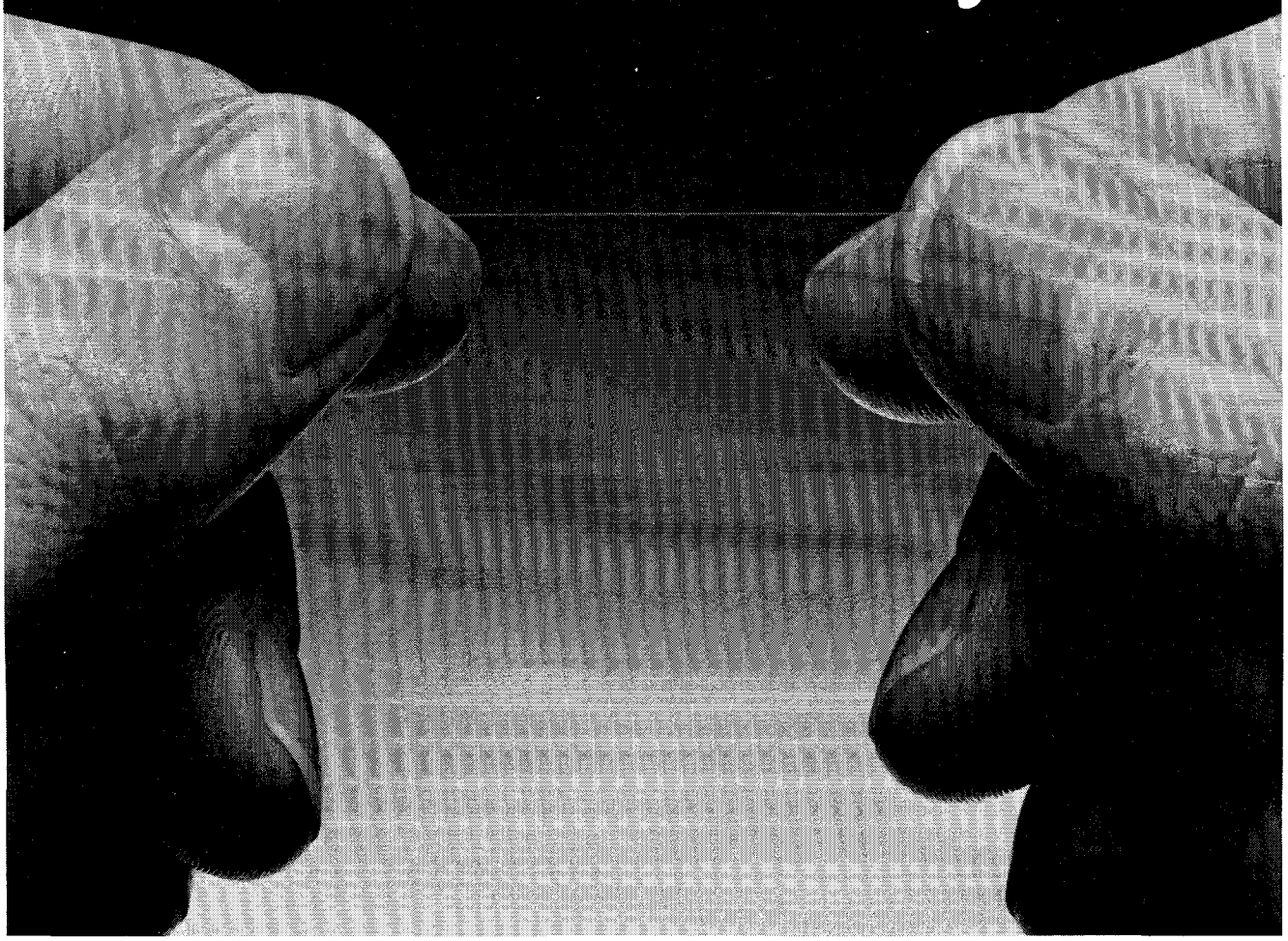

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Tertullian did not buy his suits at Brooks Brothers, either, and some people prefer the beach and some people prefer the mountains, and they don't have to tell you why, and isn't it about time you tried out the ordeal of liberty?

■ Those outside the Federal Government may not realize the kind of minority-group racketeering that is being practiced within all the federal agencies. No doubt it was precisely an insider's awareness that led to James Watt's now famous remark, and to the knowing laughter that greeted it from his audience. To cite one minor, but thoroughly representative, example. Not long ago, the National Endowment for the Humanities came up for its annual appropriations hearing before Congress. Chairman William Bennett was extensively questioned in a sympathetic way by Representative Sid Yates of Chicago, who takes a special interest in the Endowment. All went well, except for one bizarre moment. In the midst of the proceedings, Representative Yates hauled out a hitherto secret letter from a member of the National Council of the Endowment, Louise Año Nuevo Kerr, a Carter appointee and a Hispanic. In a letter never meant to become public, Mrs. Kerr charged that in the Endowment "the recent appointment of administrative personnel, apparently the prerogative of the chairman, has resulted in a staff that has almost no women or minorities at the highest levels of the agency." The secret letter was evidently intended to undercut Bennett politically by using the most lethal code words—"women," "minorities"—in current Washington discourse. She was accusing Bennett of bigotry and sexism, or, at the very least, in another code word, "insensitivity." But the allegations were shown to be false. Mr. Bennett has chosen a fine staff without paying attention to ethnic quotas. As for Mrs. Kerr, perhaps she has been sufficiently embarrassed by having her secret letter read into the *Congressional Record*. Or was that a sexist act?

■ There come to hand three new items in the ongoing saga of the new campus conservative press (see " 'Right On' on the Campuses" by Philip Marcus, *NR*, Sept. 30). Up at McGill University in Montreal, Linda Frum has started the *McGill University Magazine: A Magazine for the Rest of Us*, a monthly in tabloid form, whose watchwords are quality and tradition. Secondly, we have also just seen a copy of *The Red and Blue*, the monthly conservative tabloid at the University of Pennsylvania, another of the newcomers. Meanwhile, *Prospect*, at Princeton, has been with us for some years, but under its new editor, Dinesh D'Souza, lately of the *Dartmouth Review*, it has been transformed. It will appear as a monthly magazine, and each issue will include at least one article of wider than campus interest. As Jerry Rubin used to say: We are everywhere.

■ Advice offered an *NR* staffer wearing a NATIONAL REVIEW T-shirt during the New York Marathon, by a spectator near the Queensboro Bridge: "Hey, bear to the right."

■ Meanwhile, in Iran, the Ayatollah Khomeini is humanely providing blood for wounded Revolutionary Guards by draining it from political prisoners who don't need it, or won't for long.

# Some Truth about Grenada

Mourn not for Maurice Bishop, the Grenadian prime minister gunned down by the AK47s he himself imported into his Caribbean Communist laboratory, and sometime head of the now blood-bathed New Jewel Movement. Weep rather for our media.

Following his assassination the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* both pointed editorial fingers at the Reagan Administration. It was, of course, all our fault. Ironically, there was more brutal honesty in New York's black paper *Daily Challenge*, with its open espousal of Cuban intervention in the area. William McWhirter of *Time* spent all of two days on the island for his last pro-Bishop dispatch. Did Flora Lewis spend as much? In fact, some of the best coverage of what the *New York Tribune* editorially called "a classic case of the Communist revolution eating its own children" came from our Spanish-language radio stations.

Maurice Bishop started out, in private life, pimping West Indian girls in London and, in public life, supporting the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. For nearly five years he directed a fully Communist rhetoric of hatred at America from his radio station. There was no overt evidence of that moderate "drift" the *Times* obituary discerned in his position at the end. His mild appearances in Manhattan last March were followed by vitriol, as before, on his return. Among his last drifts in our direction could be cited: junketing Angela Davis and Mozambique's Samora Machel, giving a passport to the CIA-basher Philip Agee, and supporting the Soviet destruction of a civilian airliner.

Bishop invited in the butchers—from Libya, Syria, then Russia—and learned what life in the fast lane was like, the hard way. According to the *Times* he was beloved of the young. Which young? Those who gunned down him, his ministers, and his mistress, the young and lovely Jacqueline Creft, given her education portfolio only weeks before? The *Times* also told us that Bishop was, according to local journalist Alister Hughes, a "dedicated Grenadian"—dedicated enough, one assumes, to sell his country lock, stock, and barrel to Cuba. One hardly need add that Alister Hughes and his innocent brother now languish in Richmond Hill Prison along with Bishop's own cousin, a fire-breather who supervised construction of Grenada's new airport. The body count of what islanders nicknamed the New Jun-



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# Up from Bismarck

Bismarck, the chancellor of the imperial Prussian state a century ago, introduced into modern politics that bad habit first embraced by the ancients, the practice of guaranteeing "welfare" to each citizen from the treasury of the central government. And so it is fitting that West Germany should now take a stand against the abuses of the welfare state.

The politicians had simply promised more than they could deliver. By 1976 there were 13 million Germans living on what we call "social security," and 27 million more paying good cash into the system and hoping to draw something from it when their time came. That's 40 million people, out of a population of only 60 million, who had a warm personal interest in the welfare system. The West German politicos, into the bargain, kept loading the system with more and more benefits, until it became clear even to Hans and Fritz that the game was up. The economy wasn't living up to the forecasts on which the politicians of all the major parties had built their dreams of universal prepaid leisure. Unemployment grew. Health insurance (a payroll deduction) grew from 7 per cent of pay in 1969 to 12 per cent in 1977. Unemployment insurance rose from 3 per cent of pay to 4.5 per cent. The number of unemployed rose from 149,000 in 1970 to 1.03 million in 1977 and 2.4 million earlier this year.

Helmut Schmidt's Social Democrats, the heirs of Bismarck's vision and the architects of the current distress, had "the credentials" that permitted them to begin reducing the largesse of welfarism. But it was slow work, and in 1982 the ungainly but long-lasting coalition of Schmidt's Social Democrats and Hans-Dietrich Genscher's free-market Free Democrats (FDP) came apart when Otto Graf Lambsdorff, Economics Minister of the FDP, issued his proposals: that civil-service pay be cut; that unemployment payments be cut; that payments for bearing children be stopped; that the state cease subsidizing vocational schools; that the state cease paying rent money. Most shocking of all, Lambsdorff recommended lowering the tax burden on the top brackets. A year ago Schmidt lost a vote of confidence and Helmut Kohl became chancellor.

The new coalition of the Christian Democrats and the FDP intends to benefit from the popular mood in support of putting welfarism on a sound financial basis. So Kohl has moved swiftly to institute the Lambsdorff reforms, cutting benefits for students, the unemployed, pensioners, mothers, renters, *und so weiter*. Voters of retirement age, with the greatest interest in maintaining the soundness of the system, have swung to the new government more decisively than any other voter group. Industrial workers, the skilled in particular, have greatly increased their support of the CDU. First-time voters, those 18 years of age, perhaps because they foresee a lifetime of making payments into the system, support the reforms with truly revolutionary fervor: For the first time in the history of postwar Germany the young have given a plurality (46 per cent) to the CDU and its Bavarian affiliate.

A poll taken last spring finds 70 per cent of the people supporting the new austerity in welfarism, perhaps because they notice that the "generosity" and "compassion" of the politicos now cost almost 50 per cent of their total personal income. The abuses, too, had become intolerable: "professional students," slackers, mere frauds by the hundreds of thousands.

The Germans seem to think that the goals of a modern "social democracy"—employment, equality, social stability—have been attained, and now it is time to dismantle the birthing apparatus.

Britain and other Western lands are squaring off in the same venture. The United States should observe their efforts with close attention, for the arithmetic is equally commanding in our polity, and sooner or later we must do our sums.

# Luther at 500; America at 207

The world into which the Saxon miner's son was born five hundred years ago still shows like a rippled lake the effects of his passage. John Paul II says that he prays every night to know how to heal the breach, as Lutheran and Catholic theologians wrestle with their doctrinal differences. In East Germany, where the main sites of Luther's life are located, his birthday is being celebrated with more pomp than the hundredth anniversary of the death of Karl Marx—the sign of a legacy the Communists cannot ignore, even as they try to define its meaning and limit its expressions.

Meanwhile, in the United States, from 1970 to 1980, membership in the American Lutheran Church declined 7.6 per cent. The Lutherans were not alone among the mainline Protestant denominations in losing membership. Over the same period, the United Methodists declined 10 per cent; the United Church of Christ, 11 per cent; the Episcopalians, 15 per cent. The United Presbyterians fell a whopping 21 per cent. A handful of the dropouts have swelled the ranks of the kook cults. Others have joined Catholic and Orthodox churches. Many have no doubt settled in the agnostic void. The majority would appear to have joined the non-mainline Protestant denominations, often lumped under the rubric "fundamentalist." The Southern Baptist Convention, during that same decade, increased in size by 16 per cent. Smaller churches, such as the Assemblies of God, grew by 70 per cent. The Protestant mainline explains its enfeeblement in various ways: demographic shifts, Kondratieff waves of rising and falling religiosity. Surely two more immediate causes are theological confusion and political intrusions. When church members get the message that



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God is dead, but He is for the freeze, the pews will empty, deservedly.

The facts are of interest to non-Protestant Americans. The Protestant predominance in the United States is not only statistical. For two centuries, Protestant churches set the terms of the civil religion. America's institutions were drawn up largely by Protestants (several of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were Protestant clergymen). It would be fanciful to connect Martin Luther very directly with the American experience. But the increasing irrelevance of the major Protestant faiths in the land that is, in many ways, their finest worldly fruit is a matter of concern.

## The Rosenbergs, Again . . . And Again . . . and Again

Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, authors of *The Rosenberg File*, have gotten an enviable bouquet of favorable reviews, ranging almost across the political spectrum. "Superlative"—*Commentary*. "Definitive"—the *New York Times Book Review*. "Overwhelming"—*The New Republic*. "Radosh and Milton have been scrupulous in their research, persuasive in their deductions, and generally fair-minded in their expression"—*The New York Review of Books*. (*NR*'s review will appear in the next issue.)

But in the small town of the American Left, *The Rosenberg File* has been received like *Peyton Place*. For Radosh and Milton concluded, against their own initial inclinations, that Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were—guilty. "Julius Rosenberg . . . was guilty of spying; and Ethel, though convicted on tainted evidence, was almost certainly his accomplice."

And how the dead cats have been flying. Last month, Radosh and Milton met two scarred and crusted defenders of the Rosenbergs, Walter and Miriam Schneir, at Town Hall in New York. "How much money did you get for that book?" cried one open-minded member of the audience. "You're an ideologue!" shouted another.

Wherever the book has been favorably reviewed, the letters columns fill with smears. One favorite technique of the Schneirs is to charge that old Communists whom Radosh and Milton interviewed have denied the statements attributed to them. Usually it turns out that the Schneirs read them inaccurate quotations to begin with—whence their denials.

Another standby is to dismiss the footnotes of *The Rosenberg File* as hopelessly inexact. They are not as precise as they might be, since Radosh and Milton had to dig their research out of FBI headquarters in Washington. There *is* a thoroughly cross-indexed set of the FBI's Rosenberg files in New York, owned by the Fund for Open Information and Accountability, a Rosenberg defense committee. But Radosh and Milton were forbidden to use it, after it became clear they wouldn't toe the line.

Meanwhile, the Fund has published a sober little pamphlet, identifying Radosh and Milton as anti-Semites and government agents. (Among the directors and sponsors of this scholarly organization are Edward Asner, Eugene Genovese, Robert Heilbroner, Joseph Papp, and four Democratic congressmen—Conyers, Dellums, Mitchell, and Weiss.)

In the heat of the New York debate, Miriam Schneir made an extraordinary statement: We disdain, she said, "the God-that-failed route." *The God That Failed*, of course, was the book in which a group of top-drawer writers, including Arthur Koestler, Ignazio Silone, and Richard Wright, all of them former Communists, explained their reasons for breaking with the Party. To reject that "route" can only mean that Miriam Schneir and her peers have not broken. They remain on the side of Communism, emotionally if not formally, honoring its martyrs and smiting its enemies. Among whom, at the moment, stand Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton.

## Goebbels, Call Your Office

Controversy has intensified—fortunately—over ABC-TV's nuclear-holocaust film, *The Day After*. Both *Time* and *Newsweek* have published articles on the picture's gruesome scenes and the use the freeze movement is making of its implicit freeze advocacy. ABC admits to having difficulty selling its 30-second commercial spots, but refuses to report how many of the 25 spots available have so far been sold, and to what companies. Especially revealing is the last-minute decision by ABC executives to cut a reference in the film to a "coordinated movement of Pershing II launchers," which explicitly linked *The Day After* to the Soviet campaign against the Pershing missiles. Nevertheless, a reference to a U.S. nuclear explosion over Soviet troops approaching West Germany remains in the film.

ABC consciousness-raisers have been very busy: The network is helping to distribute a question-and-answer viewers' guide for use with the film, including "before and after" viewing exercises. (Example: "Share your reactions to the scenes of the launching of Minuteman missiles from their underground silos.") Leaked copies of the film have found their way into the hands of disarmament groups. Indeed, the *Wall Street Journal* re-

## They're for Peace

The pacifists are in the West;
The missiles, in the East.
But last week's doings don't suggest
That bothers them the least.

W. H. von Dreele



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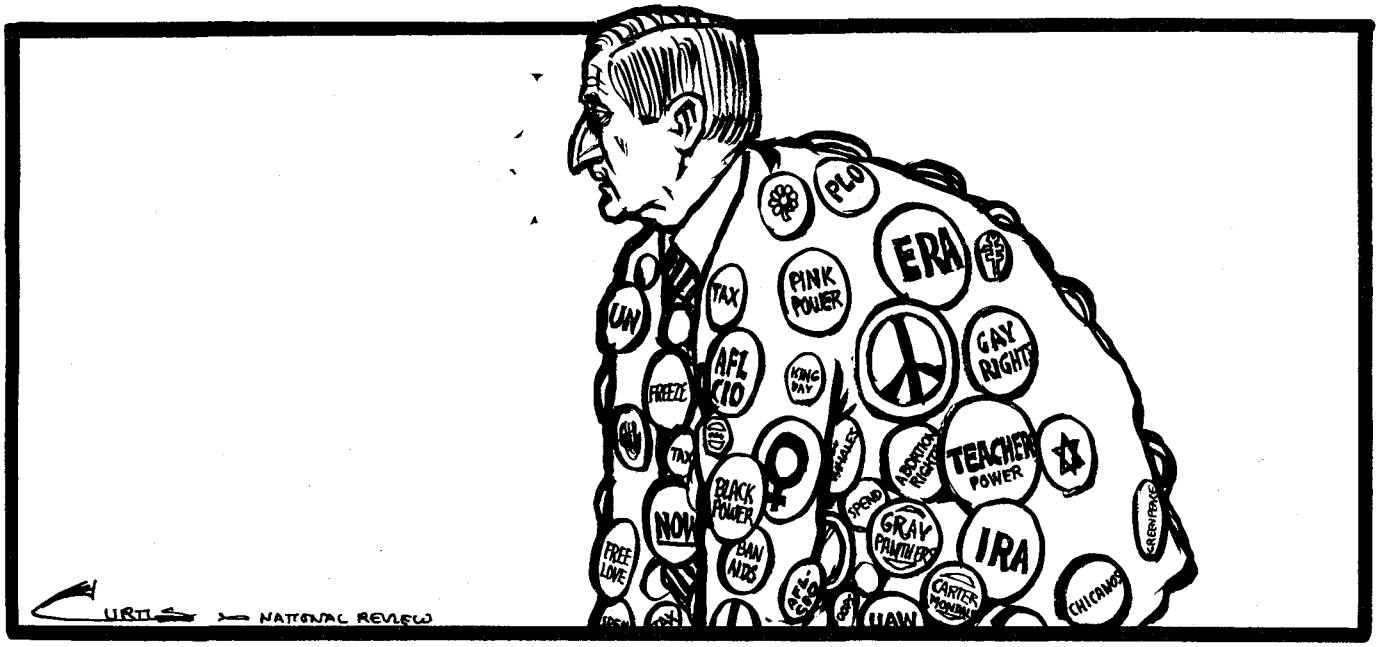


**"Quick! Does anybody know how to say no?"**

cently reported that back in May, ABC executives met with nuclear-freeze leaders to "sound them out for suggestions on preparing audiences for *The Day After*."

How effective will it be? According to *Time*, it is an artistic flop, a "terrible movie." ABC, it seems, lacks the necessary talent; or as Dryden put it, has been "wicked but in will, of means bereft."

## Raymond Aron, RIP

Before the *nouveaux philosophes*, before the French intelligentsia discovered Solzhenitsyn and, through him, that strange and thitherto-uncharted country, the Soviet Union, Raymond Aron knew the score. *The Opium of the Intellectuals*, a front-and-center assault on Marxism, appeared 28 years ago. Aron was already fifty. He had been a schoolmate of Jean-Paul Sartre. But unlike Sartre and most other French intellectuals of this century, he did not cleave to any ideological sect, whether of the far Right or the Communist Left. He remained that increasingly rare thing, a classical European liberal, defending freedom against its totalitarian enemies. Among his last public pronouncements was a call for the deployment of the Pershing and cruise missiles. His memoirs—oh, say, his fortieth book—top the best-seller lists. French scholarship and journalism lose a keen and steady voice.

## Wilfred Burchett, RIP

Wilfred Burchett, the Australian Communist journalist, was one of the most loathsome war criminals of our time, and it would be difficult if not impossible for another human being to fathom his motives, particularly his chilling addiction to lies (he seemed to have a powerful tropism toward evil myths, and a rooted aversion to reality), his lifelong hatred of Western civilization, and his fawning relations with some of history's premier mass-murderers.

Burchett was born in Poowong, Australia, sixty miles from Melbourne, in 1911. He grew up amid rural poverty, worked at assorted menial jobs, and was largely self-educated. In 1936, he made his way to London and sought his fame and fortune through Communism. He covered most of the wars of his era—beginning with the Spanish Civil War—from a Communist perspective. He reported Cardinal Mindszenty's trial from Budapest in 1949 and concluded—stop the presses—that the cardinal was guilty as charged. During the Korean War, he actually invented, all by himself, the charge that the Americans were using germ warfare against China; the idea came to him from an old story by Jack London, one of his heroes.

He covered the Vietnam War from Hanoi in his usual manner, but he came to grief in the course of an Australian libel suit in 1974: It emerged, from the testimony of numerous witnesses, that during the Korean War Burchett had himself participated in the interrogation of American and Australian prisoners of war, had full knowledge that they were being tortured, and threatened some of them with execution. Much of the testimony taken at the trial is stomach-turning. In his own news reports to the outside world, Burchett described the Korean camps as looking "like a holiday resort in Switzerland."

It might, just conceivably, be possible to identify an eternal home for Burchett somewhere near the bottom of Dante's Inferno, but most of the current residents there seem his moral superiors. He would ruin the neighborhood.

He died at 72 in Sofia, Bulgaria. Perhaps that is all that really needs to be said.



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# Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

Before leaving Washington we had a bash in the Mike Mansfield Room for old staffers and new, there having been a turnover of sorts this winter as better offers were received, and suchlike. I got everything off to a good start by reminding them that when I had come to Washington, I had just been named man of the year by NATIONAL REVIEW but, after hardly more than six years, that very morning had been declared a "national disgrace" by same. I said I could not have done this without them, and it was true.

With warm regards,
Pat
[Daniel Patrick Moynihan]
U.S. Senate

Dear Pat: You are too modest. You deserve the lion's share of the credit! Most cordially, Bill

■ Dear Bill:

Anent "quantitative comparisons of magnitude" ("Notes & Asides," Feb. 18, 1983) and the proposal of a new unit of feminine pulchritude, the "helen" (by Bill Woods, Oak Ridge, Tenn.), you may have overlooked this additional item of constructive etymology in the field of mensuration by Steve Smith, Dir./Rsrch., Quatt Wunkery, Richmond, Calif. (p. 124, *Industrial Research & Development* magazine, Dec. 1982).

Discoursing on Infinity and Aleph-Zero, Mr. Smith says: "The concept of an abfinite length, finite but arbitrarily large, can lead us to a new unit to add to our system of measures. Consider a number sufficiently large that one boggles at the thought of it. The smallest such number at which one could boggle would be the smallest abfinite number, and its magnitude would be the standard boggle."

Perhaps the next convention of Spiritualists could evaluate their Apparitions and come up with a Standard Boggle?

Thoughtfully yours,
Charles C. Littell Jr.
Research Director
Arcane Organon
Arcanum, Ohio

P.S.: For the rumination of our Staff Lexicographers, who will receive copies of this letter, I copy the text of Bill Woods's proposal: ". . . consider the statement, 'Amelia is ten times as beautiful as Betty.' Except as a figure of speech, this statement is meaningless, because there is no accepted unit of beauty. (The helen has been suggested as a unit of feminine pulchritude: that quantity sufficient to launch a thousand ships. The practical unit would be the quantity sufficient to launch one ship, the millihelen. The unit of ugliness then is the antimillihelen: the quantity required to sink one battleship.)"

P.P.S.: I am also sending a copy of this to Wright Field Laboratories for posting, as it appears to have military implications.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Last month I extended my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW for the second time this year. Since I am a senior citizen, some of the issues may have to be sent to me in care of St. Peter. If you promise to dig for the postage, then I will promise to pass the little magazine along to all the others in the mansion. And then it can be said that NATIONAL REVIEW is also read by the halo crowd.

Peace and good luck.

Sincerely,
Claude Poché
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Mr. Poché: So many thanks, but they're all charter subscribers. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The Left forms linguistic usage, especially where the use of proper names is concerned. First they gave us McCarthyism and Nixonomics, and now Reaganomics.

I propose we fight fire with fire, and at the same time fill a few voids in the language. For example, there is no word to describe precisely those scions of capitalist families who have turned to endowing left-wing causes. Why not "philbyanthropists"? A liberal backside (however firmly toned) could be dubbed a "fondament," and our anti-nukers who so noisily demonstrate for Comrade Yuri's line are without a doubt "boyceterous." A new low in domestic politics should be justly called a "nader"; in international affairs, by extension, it would be a "peragee."

Though I don't wish to be curmuggeridgeonly about this, I find the liberal linguistic tyranny to be dolerous and mondaleterious, as well as increasingly teddious. It makes me hartsick, and I long to see the terms of our political discourse inviguerated.

Unrepentantly yours,
Dan M. Peterson
Overland Park, Kan.

Dear Mr. Peterson: Heartiest congratulations as the neologist of the era. Everyone here will get on your bandwagon, and the Republican platform will carry the demand that your words enter the next editions of the dictionary. Cordially, **—WFB**



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# THE FIRST AMENDMENT v. UNION POLITICAL SPENDING

The First Amendment was written nearly 200 years ago to protect the right of all Americans to freely express their own opinions—and the right not to support opinions with which they disagree.

But despite the First Amendment, one group in America has the power to force men and women to financially support political causes and candidates they oppose—or lose their jobs. That group is organized labor.

Federal labor law as well as some state laws permit unions and employers to require working Americans to pay union dues as a condition of employment, regardless of whether or not they want to join or support a union. As a result, the AFL-CIO and member unions collect more than $3.5 billion per year—$10 million a day—in compulsory dues.

This massive amount of union treasury money, often called "soft money," cannot be used for direct cash contributions to candidates for federal office. But federal election law permits the use of "soft money" for a host of union activities for candidates, political parties, referendums and ideological causes.

And spend it the unions do. Political historian Theodore White called the AFL-CIO political effort in 1968 "unprecedented in American history." It included, for example, the registration of 4.6 million voters, the printing and distribution of 115 million pamphlets and leaflets, telephone banks in 638 localities, 72,225 house-to-house canvassers, and nearly 100,000 volunteers on election day.

Labor columnist Victor Riesel estimates that the cost of organized labor's unreported "in-kind" political activities in 1976 was over $100 million. Allowing for inflation and the dramatic increase in union political action, that figure could top $150 million in 1984.

In response, more and more union members are speaking out against the flagrant abuse of their First Amendment rights, looking to the nation's courts for help.

The U.S. Supreme Court has ruled that the use of compulsory union dues for political, ideological and other non-collective bargaining activities is unconstitutional, violating employees' First Amendment rights. But some courts have strayed badly in their interpretation of the legal precedents.

This fall, the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation will seek from the Supreme Court a strict definition of collective bargaining and a uniform remedy to protect the constitutional rights of American workers against the use of their compulsory dues for union political spending. **(Ellis/Fails v. Brotherhood of Railway, Airline and Steamship Clerks)**

The issue is clear, the abuse widespread. Rank and file workers, especially those who choose not to become union members, have little or no say as to which candidates and causes their money is used to support.

As a federal appeals court has stated, this wholesale violation of employees' First Amendment rights damages workers twice: They are forced to "contribute" to political candidates they oppose, and their ability to finance candidates they do support is thereby severely diminished.

Nearly 200 years ago, Thomas Jefferson wrote: "To compel a man to furnish contributions of money for the propagation of opinions which he disbelieves, is sinful and tyrannical."

Unhappily, such tyranny prevails in America today in the form of union political spending financed by compulsory union dues. This tyranny can only be eliminated by the combined action of an informed press, an aroused citizenry and a responsible judiciary.

If you would like further information about this fundamental abuse of the First Amendment, please write us for a copy of our pamphlet, "The First Amendment vs. Union Political Spending: A 26-Year Legal Battle for Employees' Political Freedom", and more information about the landmark case, **Ellis/Fails v. BRAC.** Or call Joanna Boyce at 800-336-3600.

**National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation**
8001 Braddock Road
Springfield, VA 22160

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*FROM*
# Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
# Straight

## *All Systems Go*

"IN FOOTBALL TERMS, this candidacy is on the six-inch line," says Senator Paul Laxalt of President Reagan's second-term bid. Actually the candidacy is not six inches away from the line. It has crossed the line. All that remains is for Ronald Reagan to make the announcement. That will be done sometime after Congress leaves town (about November 18, the members hope) and before it reconvenes (January 23, 1984). Meanwhile, the President will prepare his budget, go on his Far East trip, and stay outside the political hippodrome. This makes good sense from every point of view: He faces no serious primary opponent; the Democrats won't pick a candidate for another seven months; he gains nothing from entitling the Democrats to claim equal TV/radio time earlier than necessary; and, for as long as possible, he wants to de-emphasize his activity as a politician and emphasize his role of President and Commander-in-Chief.

For political drama, the President directed his aides to put a rider on his FEC candidacy papers, namely that he reserves the right to make a formal announcement later. This holds the door ajar by a crack, keeps people guessing, so that when the announcement comes later, he will have a full house.

There is good news and bad news on the White House political front as election year approaches. The good news is that—surprise, surprise—money is no problem ($21 million will be spent on the Reagan candidacy before the GOP convention meets in Dallas, in July). The White House is not greatly worried, either, about the disgruntled New Right and other disaffected conservatives ("So where will they go?"). Nor is the White House concerned about campaign personnel, even though, as many see it, Mr. Reagan won in 1980 despite his staff rather than because of it. This time around there are heavyweights on board, and the campaign should be more imaginative, professional, and bold. Still, there are worries in the Reagan camp, and they take two forms: blue-collars (ethnics) and John Glenn.

In 1980, Ronald Reagan pulled 40 to 45 per cent of the blue-collar vote, a share that he continues to hold today. Of all Mr. Reagan's constituencies, this one is probably the most vulnerable to Democratic blandishments. "We've got to make a tremendous effort in this sector," says a top Reagan political operative. "When you win by 50.8 per cent of the vote, as we did in '80, you have little margin for loss in your base coalition, and certainly we are no stronger today." So, the cold-water, splash-in-the-face reality is that if Reagan does not hold the blue-collars, he will not win re-election.

The black vote figures in these blue-collar calculations. In 1980 the President got 6 to 10 per cent of the black vote; in 1984 it will certainly be no more than the lower of those two percentages. In 1980, the President drew 59 per cent of the white vote in the South. So to offset the expected rise in black participation (due to registration drives), he will need to draw a 63 per cent white vote in the South this time around.

CENTRAL TO this blue-collar problem is the fact that this Administration has done little or nothing to woo ethnic blocs. "The White House has no political grasp of the importance of ethnic appeals," notes a Washington politico. Most Californians don't think in terms of ethnic coalitions. Richard Nixon was a notable exception: Once he learned about them, as Vice President, he made sure that he later had in his Administration people like John Volpe, whom he could parade through the Italian districts of the Republic. Reagan has not appointed a single American of Italian extraction to a prominent government position—although rumor has it that, if a Supreme Court vacancy opens up between now and the election, that situation will be corrected.

In California, electioneering consists of three things: media, media, and media. There are none of the mobilizations of Italians, Poles, Germans, Jews, Irish, and other ethnic groups that are so important in the Northeast and the industrialized sectors of the Midwest. The White House Chief of Staff, James Baker, is probably the most political of any of the White House golden circle. Baker is a good pragmatist, a solid Washington pol, but he is relatively inexperienced in ethnic voting and how to energize it.

The White House's other election-year worry is John Glenn. Mondale can be beaten no matter what, Reaganite politicos say, but Glenn would be "a different story." The astronaut with "the right stuff" cuts into the Reagan base constituency, the swing voters. "He's an American hero, and appeals to a lot of the groups whose nationalistic feelings propel them to Reagan," notes a Reagan aide.

Of particular concern is John Glenn's recent strategy of striking back at Mondale, likening him to the first mate on the *Titanic* and reminding voters that he was Jimmy Carter's Veep.

As the White House sees it, Glenn must not wait until Iowa and New Hampshire to uncoil fully against Fritz. The people who vote in presidential primaries, whether Democrats or Republicans, are the activists. For the Democratic activists, Mondale is their guy; he'll deliver for them, unlike Jimmy Carter, who gave them zilch. Glenn's supporters would vote for him in the November '84 general election (if he makes it that far) but they're not the types who get out and work in the snows of Iowa and New Hampshire.

So Glenn has to get hold of the Democratic activists now, and unhook them from Fritz during the next eight to ten weeks, before the primaries. Glenn has to redefine what "a real Democrat" (the phrase Mondale keeps repeating, hoping to co-opt the designation) really means. Half the delegates are picked by April 1. So, if Glenn hasn't drawn blood by January and pulled ahead in the polls against both Mondale and Reagan, the party activists who deliver the nomination won't defect from Mondale, and Glenn will be out of orbit.

What all of this means to pundits here, including your insightful scribe, is that with a Reagan/Bush GOP ticket and a Mondale/Glenn Democratic one, you can reasonably expect a minor Reagan landslide in '84. But if it is Reagan/Bush *v.* Glenn/X, make sure that you hedge your bets. □



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# Here's how to get Bill Buckley's current spy-thriller FREE

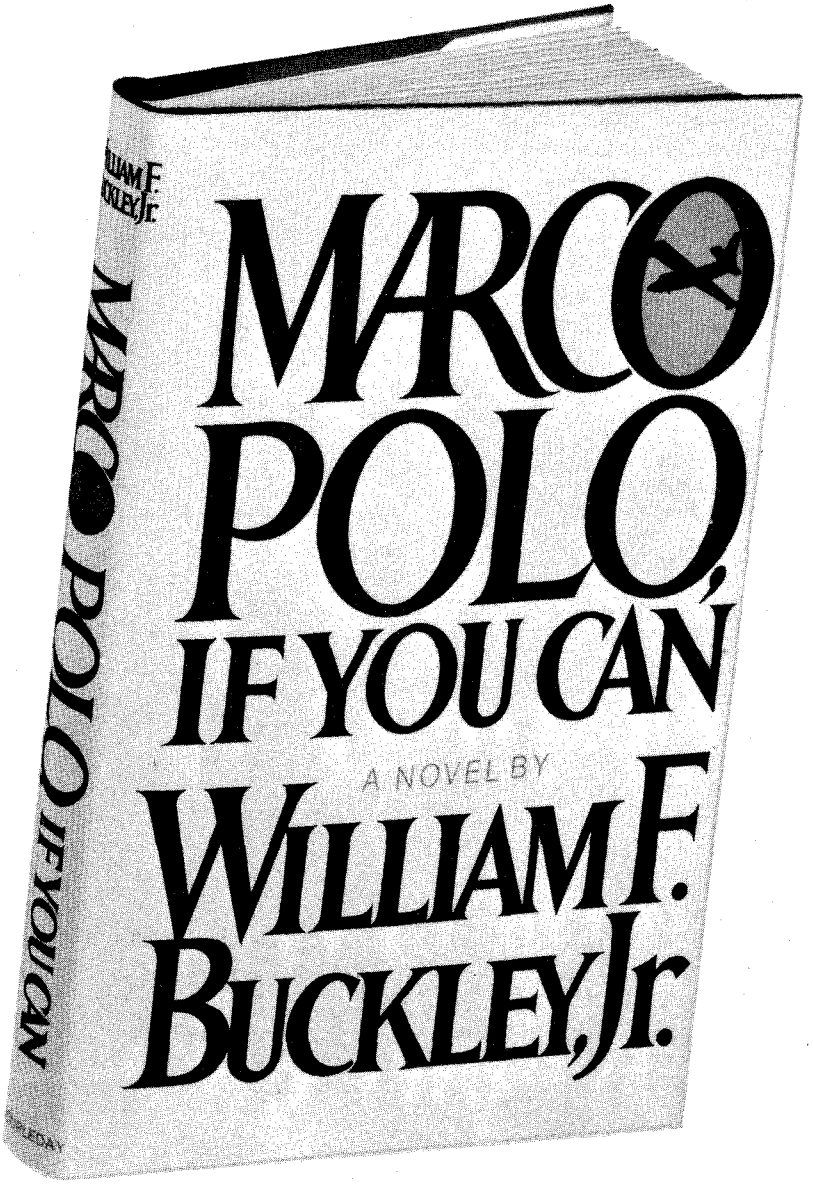
*Marco Polo, If You Can*, Bill Buckley's latest spy-thriller (starring Blackford Oakes), was designated a Main Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and hit the best-seller lists immediately after publication.

And no wonder. This book is pure entertainment. Listen to some of the comments: "Ingenious, engaging, and gracefully executed." — Robert Wade, San Diego *Union*; "Surprisingly tender love scenes." — Evan Hunter, New York *Times Book Review*; "Reminiscent of Evelyn Waugh at his comic best." — Charles Croft, Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser/Journal*; "Crackles with ideas." — John Leonard, New York *Times*. There are many more such, but these should be enough to indicate that *Marco Polo* is something special.

The plot is Buckley's most intricate and suspenseful yet, and the colorful characters most convincing. What WFB does here is re-tell the famous U-2 spy-plane affair in such fashion that you'll start wondering whether what you know about it isn't fiction and what you get in this book isn't the *real* story. It's a delightful blend of politics, humor, suspense, and espionage that will delight you from the moment you open the book. Even if you haven't read any of the others, you'll want to have *this* one.

*Marco Polo*, in the original hardcover edition, sells for $13.95, and this is the edition you'll get, FREE and postpaid, if you take advantage of this offer. All you have to do is subscribe to *National Review* Magazine for a full year at the regular $29 rate and the book is yours without charge. If you're already a subscriber, you may extend your subscription (no matter when it's due to expire) for another 26 issues at the same $29 rate and also get the book FREE. Simply fill out the handy card opposite this page, mail it to us with your check or money order for $29, and we'll take it from there.

That's right—a full year of NR for $29 and you get this valuable book without delay and we'll pay all postage and handling charges (a considerable amount) too. This really is a Bargain Offer, so don't miss it. Fill out the card to make sure you get your own copy of *Marco Polo* now.

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# The Hard-Line Case

## The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

HARD-LINERS and soft-liners (known in Britain as "drys" and "wets," respectively) may differ about diagnosis; in which case their proposed treatments will be forever irreconcilable. Alternatively, they may agree about diagnosis but differ on the handling of the problem; which does at least give the drys a chance to convert the wets, with the assistance of hard facts (such as the Korean airliner incident).

I come back to this theme because of the striking contrast between the hard-line speeches of, say, Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher and the soft-line advice that is still, more often than not, dished out by their professional advisors. In this space in the issue of August 19, I evoked the possibility of a collapse of the Soviet system and empire. In our bureaucracies on either side of the ocean, however, voices may still be heard asking two questions that seem to call for answers.

One question is calculated to shake and demoralize the hard-liners: Do we really want the Soviet system to collapse? The other, closely related to the first, runs thus: The success of the Hungarian experiment in economic liberalization suggests that the same process could happen in the USSR itself. Is it not to our interest to help initiate this process, since economic liberalization should logically lead to the political kind?

### *The Devil We Know*

Since the first of these questions is somewhat more fundamental than the second, let me tackle the latter first. The idea that the West can help liberalize the Soviet system has a quaint, nostalgic ring to it going back to Lenin's short-lived New Economic Policy. This was the fallacy that underlay the Western hopes vested in détente, the outcome of which included: the airlift of Cubans to Angola, Ethiopia, Aden, and Afghanistan; and a dramatic increase in nuclear capability.

Hungary? The Soviets know (who could know better?) that if that country or any other East European satellite shows ominous signs of getting out of control, it can be brought to heel either by direct intervention (1956, 1968) or by the indirect route of a sponsored military takeover, as in Poland. No such liberties will be allowed in the USSR itself, except in the most marginal sense. Nor can the economic system be allowed to stray too far from the Marxist-Leninist model for fear of undermining the legitimacy of the whole regime.

It is indeed surprising and a little saddening to have evidence that this starry-eyed nonsense can still be advanced with serious intent.

The major question, however, is far more shocking. To ask whether it is to our collective advantage that the Soviet regime should be allowed to collapse (let alone encouraged so to do) is to act on the principle that the devil we know could well be preferable to the unknown forces that could be unleashed in Russia and its dependencies should the regime actually face collapse.

Could anything be worse than a regime that:

—has murdered its citizens by the tens of millions;

—confines dissidents to psychiatric wards or sends them to labor camps;

—systematically subverts all non-Communist countries and bullies Communist ones (where possible) into conformity;

—intimidates our Western countries by its prodigious military might;

—recruits, trains, arms, and funds terrorists;

—and is bound under its constitution to continue to do such things?

The soft-line argument, however, while possibly conceding that no regime could be worse (agreement on diagnosis not being necessarily ruled out), can still make the point that, yes, one thing could be worse, that thing being a nuclear war of reciprocal annihilation.

While personally I have a preference for being dead rather than Red (a luxury of one's seventh decade), this is a point I am prepared to concede, philosophically and theoretically. Yes, then, it could well be worse to be incinerated than to live under Soviet Communism. But it does not at all follow that incineration would necessarily be a consequence or accompaniment of the collapse of the regime.

If the Soviets ever launch a first strike, they will do so only because at the relevant time they know themselves to be overwhelmingly stronger than the U.S. and the Western alliance. If the regime is weak enough to be on the verge of collapse, it will lack the will to run even a slight risk of retaliation. It will concentrate on saving itself, on preserving the original fortress of Communism. It will revert to deepest Stalinian repression, even at the cost of losing peripheral pieces of the empire.

The soft-line case, combining the two questions I formulated earlier, is that if the West helps to raise Soviet living standards and to make the economy more apparently efficient (by providing food and technology the system cannot satisfactorily produce on its own), the Soviets will cease to covet their neighbors' goat or ox, or computers or grain, and abandon expansionism.

The hard-line (or realistic) case is that, on the basis of all actual experience so far, the Soviet Union will take whatever the West and Japan offer, because it will make it stronger, the better to subvert the West and Japan.

### *Rolling Back the Tide*

In one possible scenario, determined Western leadership starts rolling back the Soviet empire, starting with the easier places in Central America and the Caribbean, and in the Indian Ocean. Technology and credits are withheld. At home the party-military complex realizes that it is going to be increasingly hard to keep up with the West without depressing living standards to dangerous levels. Against a background of spreading strikes and unrest, a group in the army seizes power from the party.

A nationalist regime emerges, which opens the gates to ideological opponents of Communism, both at home and abroad. Such a regime would still, by virtue of size and continuing power, be a potential threat to the rest of the world; but without the tenacious and infinitely adaptable weapon of Leninism, the threat is dramatically reduced. Besides, the new military junta, seeing at last the benefits of the market economy, embarks on its own inexorable path toward liberalization.

A dream? Of course, but happy dreams, if based on hard realities, are perhaps better than the ever-present nightmare of the past 66 years. □



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# IN THE FALL 1983 FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Photo by Frank English

## ARTHUR SCHLESINGER

"The irony is that the Pentagon and the Soviet Defense Ministry prosper symbiotically. There is no greater racket in the world today than generals claiming the other side is ahead in order to get bigger budgets for themselves."

**Foreign Policy and the American Character**

*Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. is Albert Schweitzer Professor in the Humanities at the City University of New York.*

Photo by Don Phelan, Inc.

## PEDRO-PABLO KUCZYNSKI

"It is not an exaggeration to say that a major portion of private large-scale industry in Latin America... is today in effect bankrupt."

**Latin American Debt: Act Two**

*Pedro-Pablo Kuczynski is President of First Boston International. From 1980 to 1982 he was Minister of Energy and Mines of Peru.*

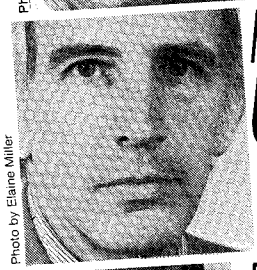


Photo by Elaine Miller

## RICHARD H. ULLMAN

"...the President of the United States has made the demise of the present Nicaraguan government an all-but-explicit aim of his foreign policy."

**At War With Nicaragua**

*Richard H. Ullman is Professor of International Affairs at Princeton University.*

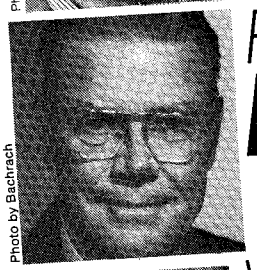


Photo by Bachrach

## ROBERT S. McNAMARA

"I do not believe we can avoid serious and unacceptable risk of nuclear war until we recognize...that nuclear weapons serve no military purpose whatsoever. They are totally useless—except only to deter one's opponent from using them."

**The Military Role of Nuclear Weapons**

*Robert S. McNamara was Secretary of Defense from 1961 to 1968.*

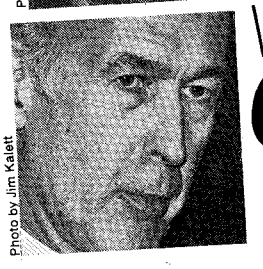


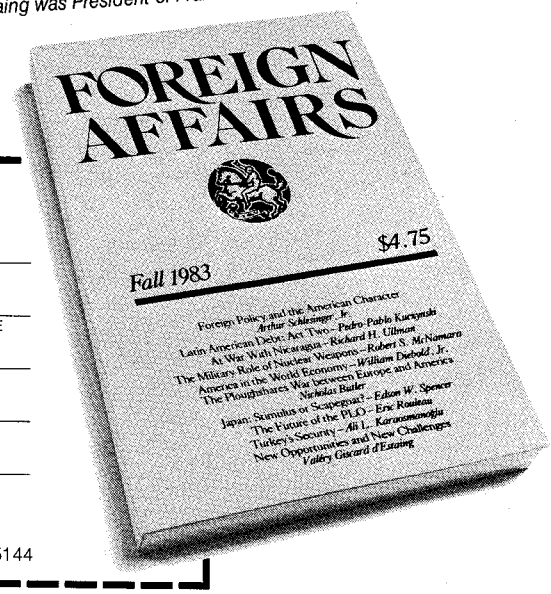
Photo by Jim Kalett

## VALÉRY GISCARD d'ESTAING

"The Williamsburg Summit provided an opportunity to mark the end of the world economic crisis...the opportunity was not seized."

**New Opportunities and New Challenges**

*Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was President of France from 1974 to 1981.*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JOHN GLENN

# Why Not the Best II

RICHARD BROOKHISER

THE PRESIDENTIAL straw poll of the New Jersey State Democratic Party was the third of the year, after those of the state parties of Massachusetts and Wisconsin, and the first after Labor Day. John Glenn, alone of all the candidates, had downplayed these dry-runs, ostensibly because he had better things to do, in fact because he hadn't been expected to do very well in them. But New Jersey looked good for him, and so it was he who came to Atlantic City, and his rivals who put in dignified non-appearances. The beach and the boardwalk, under a lowering September sky, were empty save for a few huddled, mewing gulls. Bally's Park Place Casino glowed and throbbed, on the first floor with blackjack, on the sixth with politics.

On the dining-room hutch in the house where I grew up sits a plate commemorating Glenn's orbit of the earth. His face is stenciled on it in gilt. How many Americans have such a knick-knack? Thousands? Millions? The face hasn't changed much in 21 years. Glenn is bald as a peach. His pale eyes glint. He looks like Opie Taylor grown up, and he has the pugnacious cadences and gestures of Hubert Humphrey. His introducer hailed him as a "genuine American hero" who, when the automatic controls of *Friendship 7* failed, manually "brought the ship home," and "into the mainstream of American politics."

Mainstream was the right word. The Democrats this year have cast themselves in the role of regular folk, defending the social compact against an aberrant Administration. Thus Walter Mondale calls Ronald Reagan a "radical." Glenn too, after the opening ruffles and jokes, began with a shot at the common threat. "Reaganomics means mortgaging the future of this country." It means "passing $200-billion deficits to our children." Did some of that deficit gestate under Democratic Administrations and Congresses? Glenn acknowledged that it did. "We overdid some of those programs. But [since the Thirties] we moved millions of people out of poverty" and into "a house, [with] kids in good schools, maybe a camper in the back. We didn't do it with socialism. We didn't do it with Communism. We didn't do it with Fascism. We did it with good Democratic programs."

Glenn sketched programs suitable for the present crisis. "We can't revive the economy overnight, any more than we can end the arms race with a single phone call" (a crack at Mondale's promise to pick up the phone *right now* and dial Yuri Andropov). Glenn would step up federal support of education, and of basic research. "New technologies are changing our world as fast as the Industrial Revolution. Jobs for today are not enough. We need tools for the future."

He bustled on to other matters, in no particular order. One phrase, "schools that practice racism as their religion," seemed to zip in from nowhere. (The audience, though, loved it.) Glenn yoked two subjects, the environment and civil rights, by asserting that the necessary laws were for the most part already on the books; all we needed was vigorous enforcement, which Reagan was not giving. One law, the Equal Rights Amendment, needed to be on the books—"at the federal level, the state level, and, if we could, the county level. Making one woman a justice doesn't bring justice to women." More claps.

The speech congealed again when it came to defense. Glenn has a five-point program for arms control: accept a freeze; dispatch the best negotiating teams to the nuclear-arms talks; halt proliferation; include all nuclear states in the bargaining process; and, finally, negotiate lower levels of conventional forces. There are questionable items here. The second proposal is pure suds (whom does Glenn think Reagan has sent over, the swabs?). The fourth would count the missiles of the French and British *forces de frappe* as part of our deterrent, and force us to scale down accordingly—a result the Soviets devoutly desire. Glenn dwelt, not on the program, but on his convictions and his experiences. "There is no substitute for keeping our defenses the strongest on earth. As a 23-year veteran of the Marine Corps, I reject the President's contention that his is the only party that stands for America's defense. . . . I do not need to stay up and watch late-night TV to know what combat is like. It is horrible, hideous stuff. I've written next-of-kin letters. You go back to the States, and knock on the door, and you hope it won't be answered."

Glenn finished with the Pledge of Allegiance. "Too often we let the words of that pledge roll off too easily. *One nation.* Think about that. It doesn't say north or south, east or west, black or white, Catholic, Protestant, Jew. . . ." He ran over the final phrases one by one, through *liberty and jus-*

→



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# "Cloning the sun's fire could mean a billion years of energy."

"Nuclear fusion is the energy source of the sun and the stars, and if we can reproduce that process on earth, we'll have energy for a billion years," says Dr. Tihiro Ohkawa, Vice President for Fusion Power Research at General Atomic Company, a subsidiary 50% owned by Gulf Oil Corporation.

"Our research programs, sponsored by the Department of Energy and others, could lead to construction of an experimental fusion reactor within a decade.

"Both fusion and conventional fission reactors produce heat, which can, for instance, generate electricity. But fusion produces less radioactive waste than fission. It can't get out of control. And it uses cheaper fuel—hydrogen instead of uranium. In fact, fusion reactors can make fuel for fission reactors, and possibly could even burn the fission reactors' wastes.

"It's a tremendous technological challenge, but the reward is tremendous, too: inexhaustible energy for tomorrow."

Gulf

**Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.**

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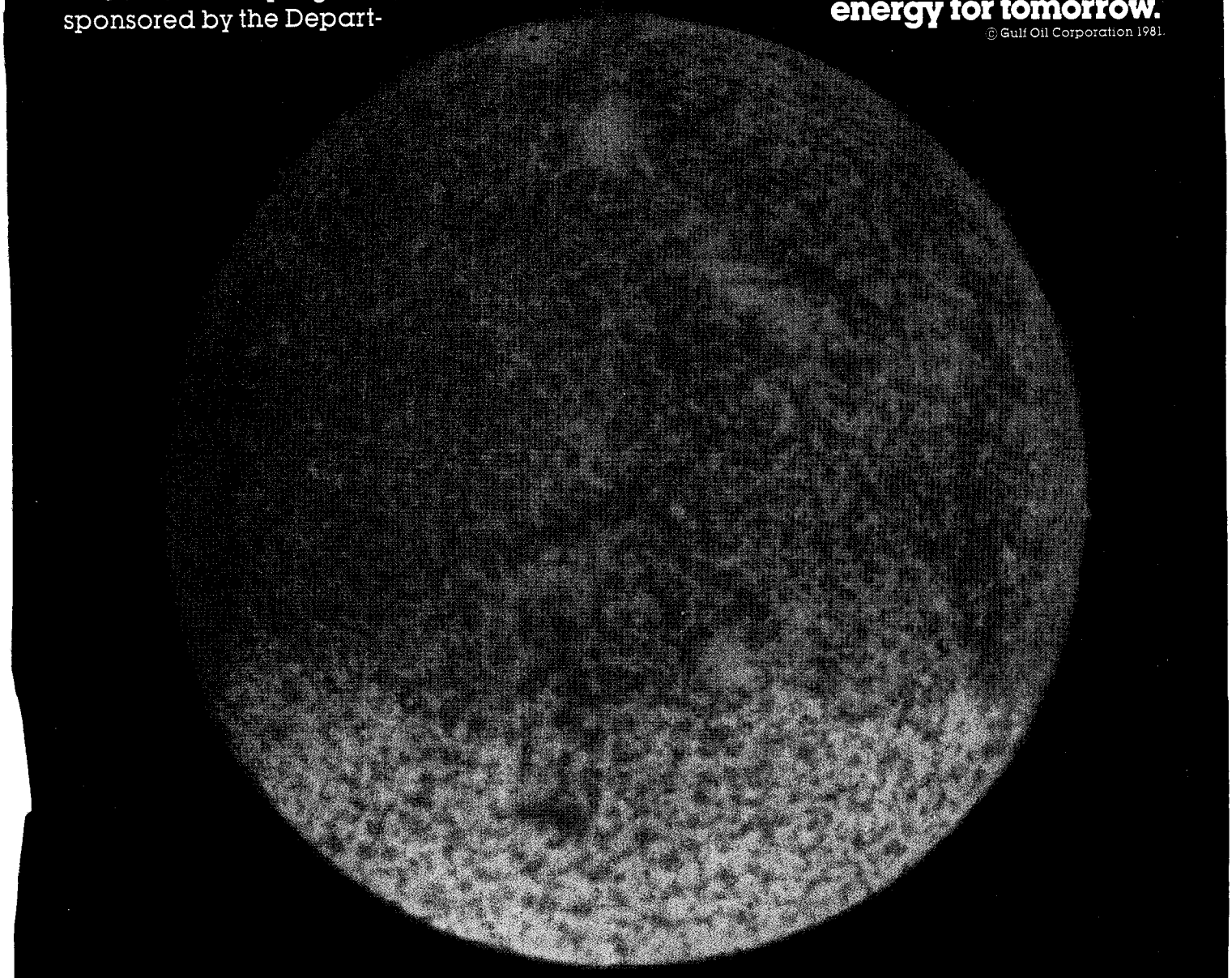

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# The Illuminated Vortex

*Understanding how the in-cylinder flow of the fuel-air mixture is influenced by chamber geometry provides a key to improving engine performance. By applying a laser measurement technique, a researcher at the General Motors Research Laboratories has gained new insight into the behavior of the flow.*

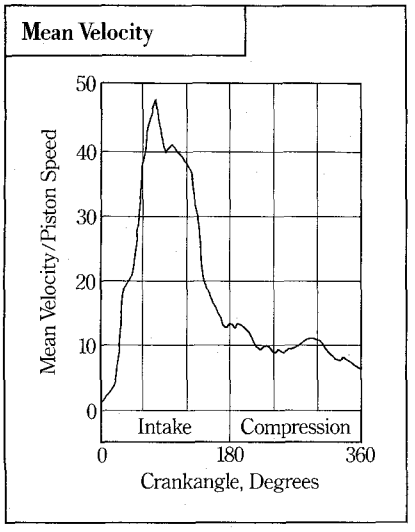


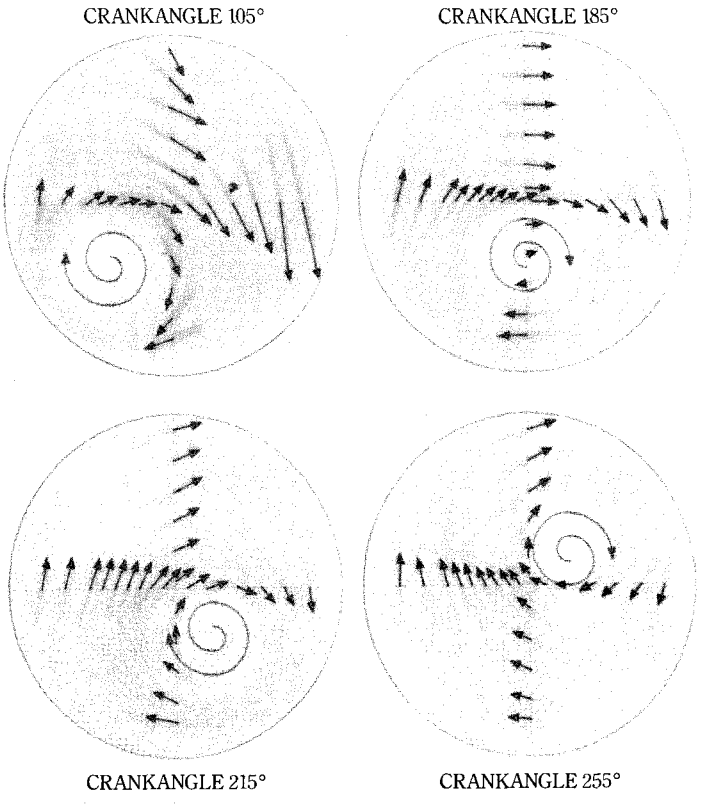

*Figure 1: History of mean velocity at a single engine location.*

*Figure 2: Panoramic view of engine flow patterns. With changing crankangle, the center of rotation precesses from the cylinder's lower left quadrant to its upper right quadrant.*

THE FLUID motions inside engine cylinders have considerable influence over the progress of combustion. Mixing of air and fuel, combustion rate, and heat losses from the cylinder are all important transport processes strongly dependent on fluid motions. The motion inside the cylinder has two components. Mean velocity influences the transport of momentum, energy, and species on a cylinder-wide scale, while the turbulence component influences the same phenomena on a local basis. The in-cylinder flow field depends primarily on the geometry of the cylinder and inlet port. Hence, decisions made in the engine design stage exert a controlling influence over the flow. But before questions about how different geometrical features affect the flow field can be answered, the problem of how to measure the flow must be solved. By applying Laser Doppler Anemometry (LDA), Dr. Rodney Rask, a researcher at the General Motors Research Laboratories, has obtained detailed measurements of the flow field.

LDA is a technique in which two focused laser beams pass into the cylinder through a quartz window. In the minute measuring region where the laser beams cross, a regular pattern of interference fringes is created. As the 1-micron particles, which have been added to the engine inlet flow, cross the measurement region, they scatter light in the bright fringes. In Dr. Rask's LDA system, the scattered light is collected by the same lenses used to focus the laser beam, and measured by a photomultiplier tube. The resulting signal is processed electronically to determine the time it takes a particle to traverse a fixed number of fringes. Since the fringe spacing is a known function of the laser beam crossing angle, this transit time provides a direct measure of velocity.

During operation of the LDA, measurements of velocity as a function of engine rotation (crankangle) are made at a number of locations within the cylinder. The instantaneous velocity at each point must then be separated into mean and turbulence components. The simplest technique is to declare that the mean velocities for all cycles are identical and ensemble average the data. However, this approach ignores the cyclic variation in the mean velocity. Another technique looks at individual cycles and uses a variety of methods, including sophisticated filtering, to split the instantaneous velocity into its components. This

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approach is consistent with the LDA measurements, which clearly show that the mean velocity does not repeat exactly from one engine cycle to the next.

Differences in the flow field from one cycle to the next can seriously compromise engine efficiency. Near the end of the compression stroke, it is important to maintain a consistent velocity at key cylinder locations (e.g., at a spark plug). Dr. Rask's LDA measurements have identified design features that control cyclic variability.

FIGURE 1 shows mean velocity measured at a single location during an engine cycle. High velocity exists during the intake stroke when the inlet flow is rushing through the narrow valve opening. This jet-like flow into the cylinder causes large velocity differences between adjacent cylinder locations and produces strong turbulence. As the end of the intake stroke is approached (180 degrees in Figure 1), the levels of both mean velocity and turbulence drop rapidly. This decrease is a result of the changing boundary conditions for the cylinder—from strong inflow to no inflow. During the compression stroke the flow field evolves, but it undergoes no drastic changes. However, in a high-squish chamber, where the flow is forced into a small bowl in the piston or cylinder head, considerable turbulence is generated near the end of the compression stroke.

Measurements from many cylinder locations are necessary to make the flow field understandable. Figure 2 shows four flow patterns covering a period from near the end of intake into the compression stroke. Note the strong vortical flow, with the center of the vortex away from the cylinder center and precessing with changing crankangle.

By experimenting with geometrical variables, Dr. Rask has gained new understanding of phenomena observed in operating engines. The resulting knowledge has guided the design and development of new engines with a minimum of trial-and-error testing. The LDA findings are also being used to validate and calibrate engine flow computer models under development.

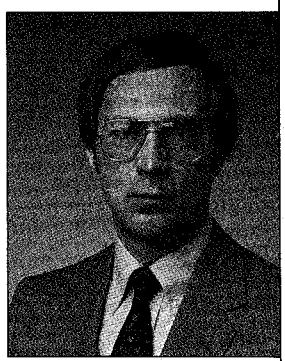
"From our measurements," Dr. Rask states, "we have been able to deduce how changes in the geometry of the port and combustion chamber modify the velocity field. These flow field effects are now being used to help designers tailor engine combustion for optimum performance."

General Motors

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

## THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK



Dr. Rodney Rask is a Senior Staff Research Engineer in the Fluid Mechanics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Rask received his undergraduate and graduate degrees in mechanical engineering from the University of Minnesota. His Ph.D. thesis concerned the Coanda effect.

Prior to joining General Motors in 1973, Dr. Rask worked on the design of nuclear reactors at the Knoll's Atomic Power Laboratories. In addition to further refinements in LDA measurement techniques, his current research interests include computer simulation of engine systems, with special emphasis on the intake manifold.

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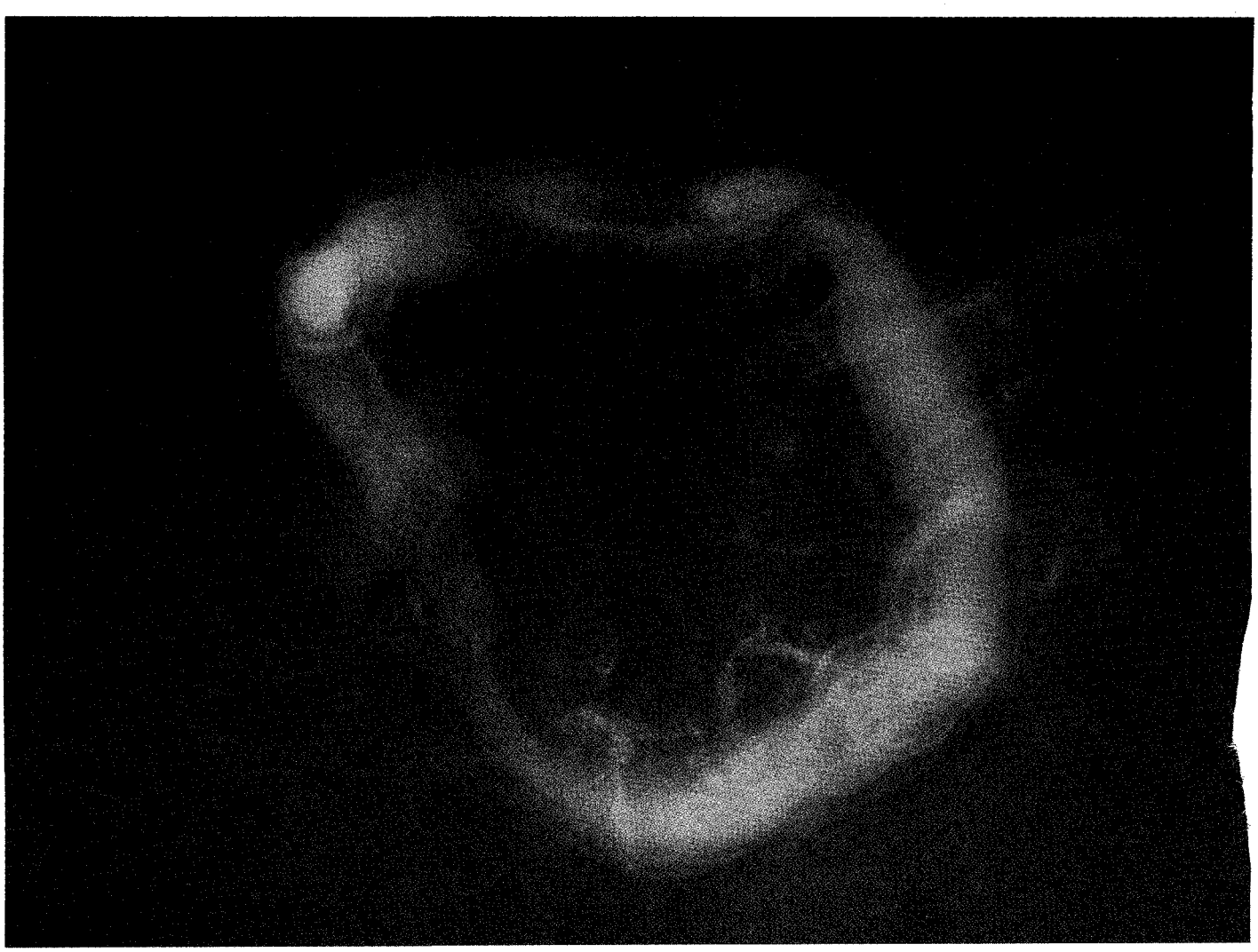
# WHAT HAPPENS TO CIGARETTE SMOKE IN THE AIR?

As soon as smoke leaves the smoker's mouth or the end of the cigarette, it is immediately diluted by the surrounding air.

But a subject on the minds of some researchers today is whether cigarette smoke in the air causes disease.

Analysis of the air in public places, where you would typically find smokers, shows again and again that nonsmokers are exposed to minimal amounts of tobacco smoke.

One study, conducted by scientists from a prominent school of public health and reported in the New England Journal of Medicine, found only small amounts



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# most asked questions about cigarettes.

of nicotine in the atmosphere of cocktail lounges, restaurants, bus stations and airline terminals.

Interpreting data from that study, an editorial which appeared in the same publication made this observation: in public places, nonsmokers could potentially consume the equivalent of just 1/1000 to 1/100 of one filter cigarette per hour.

Putting it another way: a nonsmoker might have to spend 100 hours straight in a smoky bar to inhale the equivalent of a single filter cigarette.

**A nonsmoker might have to spend 100 hours straight in a smoky bar to inhale the equivalent of a single filter cigarette.**

Other recent studies on the effects of cigarette smoke in the air report similar findings. For example, a noted German scientist wrote in 1982 that the question of whether ambient smoke may be injurious to health remains open, based on presently available research.

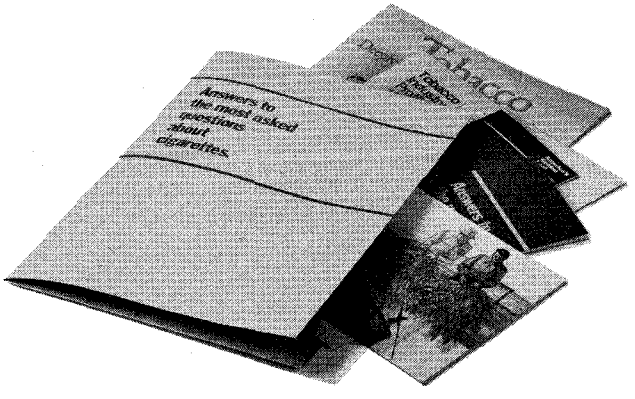
Even the U.S. Surgeon General, an outspoken critic of smoking, said in 1982 that the available evidence is not sufficient to conclude that other people's smoke causes disease in nonsmokers.

The fact is, no claim of adverse effect of cigarette smoke on a healthy nonsmoker has yet been proved.

The tobacco industry has committed more funds for independent research on smoking and health than any nongovernmental group. More than the American Cancer Society, the American Heart Association, and the American Lung Association combined. Researchers funded by the tobacco industry are encouraged to publish whatever they find. Whatever the outcome.

To find out more, write for our free information kit. Address: The Tobacco Institute, Suite 810K, 1875 Eye St, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

We offer it in the belief that full and free discussion of this important public issue is in the public interest.




# WEIGH BOTH SIDES BEFORE YOU TAKE SIDES.

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*tice for all.* "Have we reached that yet? No, we haven't. But we can, if we just work, if we just keep on the track: *one nation, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.*"

"To think," mused Senator Joseph Biden of Delaware, who was the next speaker, "that I used to sit next to John Glenn on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—and that he used to talk to me."

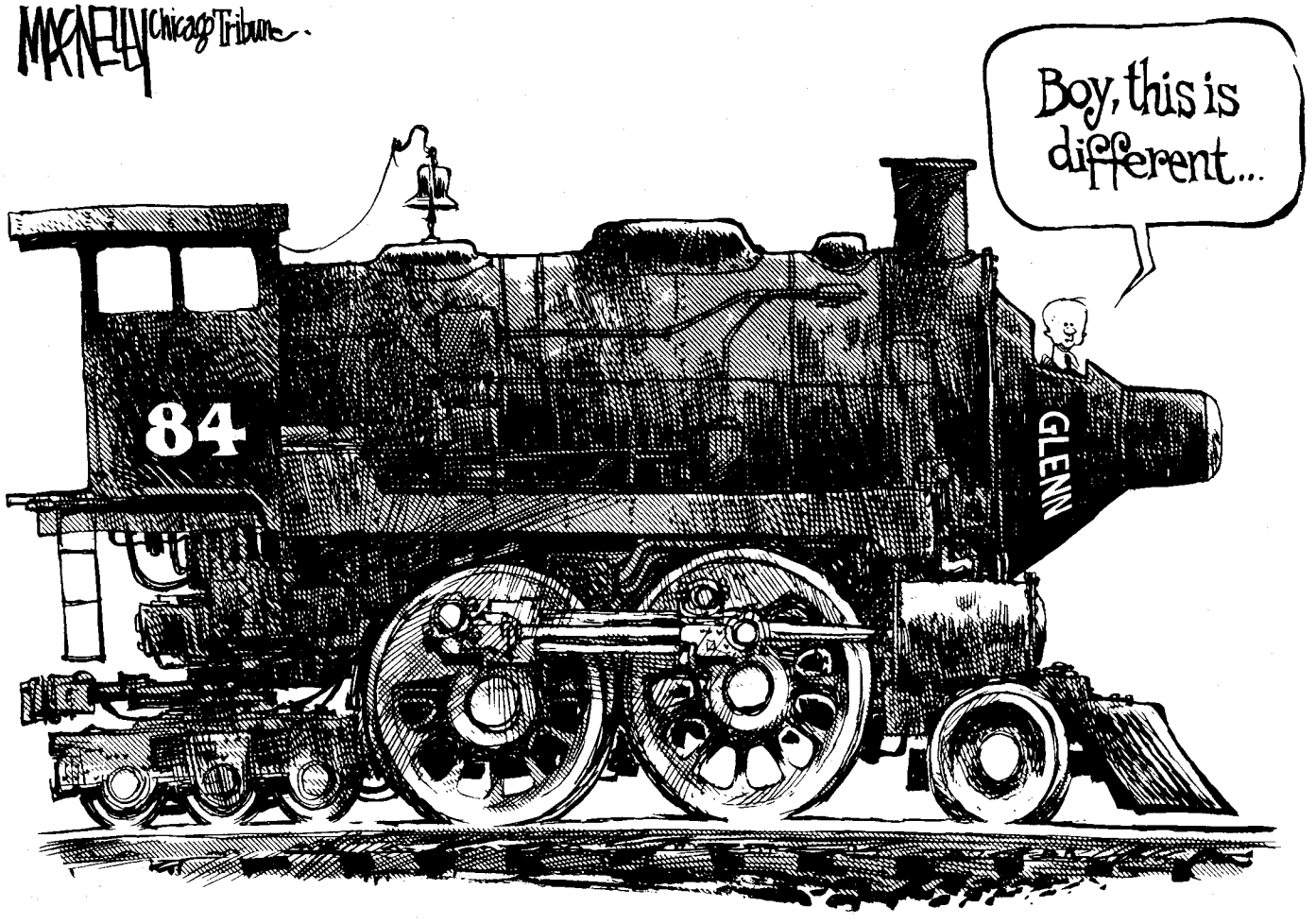
GLENN WON the New Jersey vote, as expected. The next month brought two more straw polls, in Maine and Iowa. But the most important party event was the New York Presidential Forum. Each of the seven candidates—George McGovern had announced the day Glenn was in Atlantic City—appeared, on a different night in a different city in New York State, before a convocation of party members, to speak, to be questioned, and to answer. There was to be a poll at the end of these performances too, with two straws, belonging to Governor Cuomo and Senator Moynihan.

Glenn spoke in Syracuse, and in the final grand chorus of all the candidates, on October 6 at Town Hall in New York City. Thirty-some Glenn supporters, mostly kids, awaited him on the corner of 43rd Street and Sixth Avenue. All wasted. What is a crowd in midtown Manhattan, at seven o'clock in the evening? Moonies? The Manet show? Three-card monte? New York shrugs, and goes back to cursing cabs.

Inside, the candidates lined up on stage in virtually identical dark suits and red neckties. And, although Mario Cuomo didn't put it quite this way in his introduction, identical opinions. They differed, Cuomo said, "on how much we should cut defense, on how much more we should give to education, on the exact components of an industrial policy." Yet they all agreed to "help the homeless, the unemployed, the disabled." Cuomo complimented their "intellectual vitality," then stepped back to let them slug.

There had been some shoving between Glenn and Walter Mondale earlier, the first, really, of the campaign. Asked in Rochester what were the differences between him and Glenn, Mondale ticked off a list of Glenn sins: support for nerve gas and the B-1 bomber, two early votes for Reagan's economic program. But the format at Town Hall did not lend itself to pursuing distinctions. The hopefuls were obliged to speak in turn, without interrupting or interacting. Of illegal immigration (Tip O'Neill had just scuttled Simpson-Mazzoli), Glenn ventured that we were "a nation of immigrants, rich in heritage"; we needed a bill, maybe next year. Of the War Powers Act and Lebanon, he said he had read the original Lebanese request for help, which mentioned only "the Beirut area"—to which we should restrict ourselves.

Relief came from James Barber, a political scientist and one of the three official questioners, who mentioned the magical words, "the right stuff." Barber intended an appropriate question—what on earth, John Glenn, have you done?—but in phrasing it, he compared the astronaut to Evel Knievel. The house bristled. When the ovation that greeted Glenn's retort subsided, he mentioned his careers in the Senate, business, and the service; also another film besides the version of Tom Wolfe's book: "I wasn't doing *Hellcats of the Navy* on a movie lot when I was doing 149 missions." It was like sinking a pair of foul-shots.



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# DRUNK DRIVIN

## A national survey to help you evaluate your state. Compiled by the property and casualty insurance industry.

*The drunk driver kills thousands of Americans a year, and injures more than half a million. This series of anti-drunk driving advertisements is dedicated to reducing this toll. Its purpose: to serve as a rallying point for the thousands of individuals and many organizations actively fighting drunk driving in America today. All data are as of August 1, 1983.*

| State | Drinking age | 1st offense license suspens |
|---|---|---|
| Alabama | 19 | 90 days |
| Alaska | 21 (1/84) | 90 days (10/83) |
| Arizona | 19 | 30 days |
| Arkansas | 21 | 90 days-1 yr. |
| California | 21 | None |
| Colorado | 21; 18, 3.2 beer | 1 yr. (.15 BAC) |
| Connecticut | 20 (10/83) | 6 mos. (10/83) |
| Delaware | 21 (1/84) | 3 mos. |
| District of Columbia | 21; 18, beer & wine | 6 mos. |
| Florida | 19 | 6 mos. |
| Georgia | 19 | 1 yr. |
| Hawaii | 18 | 90 days |
| Idaho | 19 | 180 days |
| Illinois | 21 | 1 yr. max. |
| Indiana | 21 | 60 days-1 yr. |
| Iowa | 19 | 120 days |
| Kansas | 21; 18, 3.2 beer | Limited use |
| Kentucky | 21 | None |
| Louisiana | 18 | 60 days |
| Maine | 20 | 45-90 days |
| Maryland | 21 | 60 days max. |
| Massachusetts | 20 | 30 days-1 yr. |
| Michigan | 21 | 6 mos.-1 yr. |
| Minnesota | 19 | 30 days |
| Mississippi | 21; 18, 3.2 beer | 90 days-1 yr. |
| Missouri | 21 | 30 days |
| Montana | 19 | 6 mos. |
| Nebraska | 20 | 6 mos. |
| Nevada | 21 | 90 days |
| New Hampshire | 20 | 90 days |
| New Jersey | 21 | 6 mos. |
| New Mexico | 21 | None |
| New York | 19 | 6 mos. |
| North Carolina | 21; 19, beer & wine | 1 yr. |
| North Dakota | 21 | 91 days |
| Ohio | 21; 19, beer | 60 days |
| Oklahoma | 21 | 1 yr. |
| Oregon | 21 | 1 yr. |
| Pennsylvania | 21 | 1 yr. |
| Rhode Island | 20 | 3-6 mos. |
| South Carolina | 21; 18, beer & wine | 6 mos. |
| South Dakota | 21; 18, 3.2 beer | 30 days |
| Tennessee | 19 | 1 yr. |
| Texas | 19 | 1 yr. max. |
| Utah | 21 | 90 days |
| Vermont | 18 | 1 yr. |
| Virginia | 21; 19, beer | 6 mos. |
| Washington | 21 | 90 days |
| West Virginia | 19 | 6 mos. |
| Wisconsin | 18 | 3 mos. |
| Wyoming | 19 | 90 days |

Note: 1. Higher of "presumed intoxicated" or "defined as intoxicated" BAC number
2. REDDI = Report Every Drunk Driver Immediately

America is at war. In every state, t
battle is on against drunk drivers.

How does your state measure u
Many states have reduced fatalitie
by increasing the drinking age.
Or adopted proven deterrents such
as roadside sobriety checks and
suspended licenses.

In most states, organizations su
as Mothers Against Drunk Drivers

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A question on nuclear arms made the Southerners, Reubin Askew and Ernest Hollings, balk. Askew, bless him, doesn't want the B-1, the MX, or the neutron bomb, but he told Town Hall the freeze was the wrong way to go, and got hissed for it. Senator Hollings, a slyer man, smilingly swallowed the freeze, feet, beak, and feathers. But he confessed that he had voted against SALT I, opposed SALT II, and distrusted the Soviets now. Glenn too had fought stubbornly and powerfully against SALT II, and so might have appeared to be a Southern soulmate. He explained that his opposition had been due to anxiety over the loss of Iranian monitoring sites after the fall of the Shah. Satellites have since taken up the slack, and he would support the treaty now.

Glenn got to aim one question at Mondale, though he had to direct it to the person of Gary Hart. "How would you balance special-interest groups?" (Mondale had accepted the endorsement of the AFL-CIO that morning.) Hart spoke earnestly of old principles and new policies; Mondale did not bat a brooding eye.

The evening ended with three unquestioned minutes for each candidate, a speechlet the length of the Gettysburg Address. Mondale: "A Presidency that's fair again." Hart: "This country wants to move *forward*." Askew: "Different Democrat." Hollings: "Professional." Alan Cranston: "Avoid an Armageddon." McGovern: "Sense of history."

Glenn: "Will we *offer* a party that can't say no to anyone with a mailing list? That says it's for a strong defense, but votes against every program? That is surprised every time the Soviet Union shows its barbaric face? . . . We must be honest enough to say government must choose. It must choose to say *no*."

The candidates retired to the hurly-burlying streets.

JOHN HERSCHEL GLENN JR. was born on July 18, 1921, in the town of Cambridge in rolling western Ohio. His father was a plumber, his mother a teacher. The Glenns moved to New Concord, another small town, when John was two.

Tom Wolfe has written of "the awesome voltage of live Presbyterianism" still lingering on from the nineteenth century in New Concord when Glenn was growing up. And indeed, at the first press conference of the Mercury astronauts, Glenn would testify, "I am a Presbyterian, and I take my religion seriously." His youth was otherwise unremarkable. He did what one does, what fades in a year and sticks in the deepest dreams: lettered in sports; dated*; built model airplanes. In 1939, he enrolled in Muskingum College, the local Presbyterian school.

Pearl Harbor came junior year, and Glenn left for the Marines. In the American push through Micronesia, he flew over the Marshall Islands, winning two Distinguished Flying Crosses. John Sr. wanted his son to come home after the war and take up the plumbing business. But the Marine had other ideas. Korea brought him two more Distinguished Flying Crosses. In the last nine days of the war he shot down three MiGs. His comrades painted the motto MIG-MAD MARINE on his fuselage. Ted Williams, who flew at his wingtip, called him "crazy."

Out of combat, Glenn volunteered for test flying. He was good, and ambitious. In 1957 he conceived and executed the first cross-country supersonic flight. That same year, the Soviets launched Sputnik. Five years later, my parents bought the plate.

The Kennedys encouraged Glenn to go into politics (he was in Los Angeles working for Robert when Sirhan struck). His first tries were inglorious. Glenn pulled out of the 1964 Ohio senatorial primary after hurting his inner ear in a bathroom fall. Six years later, he took on Howard Metzenbaum, a lib-

*Glenn married Anna Castor, a doctor's daughter, when he was 22. They have a son and a daughter.

***Korea brought Glenn two more Distinguished Flying Crosses. In the last nine days of the war he shot down three MiGs. Ted Williams, who flew at his wingtip, called him 'crazy'***

eral millionaire businessman. (Glenn hadn't been doing so poorly himself; he had by this time become a vice president of Royal Crown Cola, and an investor in several successful Holiday Inns.) Glenn's campaign was an organizational disaster. Metzenbaum beat him in the primary, and lost the election.

Metzenbaum got into the Senate in 1974 by appointment, and Glenn had another shot at him. This time around, the gears in the Glenn machinery meshed. Metzenbaum also made a blunder akin to Professor Barber's, accusing his opponent of never having held a job. "You go to a veterans' hospital," Glenn answered, "see their mangled bodies, and tell them they didn't hold a job. . . . You should go down on your knees every day of your life thanking God that there are some men who had a job." Metzenbaum went down, and Glenn got a new job.

In 1976 Senator Glenn was on Carter's short list of possible running-mates—until his keynote speech to the Democratic convention, an address of unrelieved somnolence (critics called it Glenn without mission control). Today the somnolence is largely gone, and so are the lesser ambitions. This April John Glenn returned to New Concord to announce his candidacy and greet well-wishers at John Glenn High School and Muskingum's John Glenn Gym.

'JOHN'S PROBLEM," a long-time supporter told journalist Michael Kramer, "is that he's a 90 per cent-er." By which he meant that Glenn refuses to go all the way for "special interests," unlike Mondale and the other round-heels of the Democratic Party. But 90 per cent is still an awful long way.

Glenn goes furthest on what we have been calling since the Sixties the social issues—issues that became issues in the wake of radical liberal innovation. Glenn backs busing, affirmative action, gay rights, and gun control. He supports Medicaid payments for abortions and, of course, abortion itself. He opposes tuition tax credits and school prayer (schools, it seems, may not have non-racist religion either). In July, Glenn went to San Antonio to woo the Abzug-ite National Women's Political Caucus. He let slip the asymmetrical words, "man and wife," and foundered like a swamped canoe. "I am

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# G IN AMERICA

| ate k force | Blood Alcohol Concentration (BAC) defining Driving While Intoxicated (DWI) | MADD, SADD and RID chapters | Pending legislation | Existing measures |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| s | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | | Dram shop liability (statute holding retail server of alcohol responsible for its consequences) |
| ɔ | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | | |
| eport issued | 0.10 | MADD, SADD | | |
| port issued | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | Mandatory rehabilitation | |
| port issued | 0.10 | MADD, SADD | Simplified legislation to clarify laws | Toll-free number to report DWI suspects |
| s | 0.15[1] | MADD, SADD, RID | Drinking age 21; revocation 0.10 BAC | REDDI[2] line; admin. lic. revocation; dram shop |
| s | 0.10 | SADD, RID | | Dram shop liability |
| s | 0.10[1] | MADD, SADD | | |
| ɔ | 0.10[1] | SADD | | |
| s | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | | Statewide rehabilitation program |
| eport issued | 0.12[1] | MADD, SADD, RID | Drinking age 21; dram shop liability | |
| eport issued | 0.10 | SADD | | |
| ɔ | 0.10[1] | SADD, RID | | Toll-free REDDI hot line |
| ɔ | 0.10 | SADD, RID | | Dram shop liability |
| s | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | | |
| eport issued | 0.13[1] | MADD, SADD, RID | Drinking age 21; REDDI program | Toll-free line; CB radio watch; Dram shop liability |
| ort issued | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | Driving while impaired 0.05-0.10 BAC | REDDI hot line |
| | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | | |
| | 0.10 | MADD, SADD | | Mandatory education and community service |
| s | 0.10 | SADD | | |
| eport issued | 0.13 | MADD, SADD | | |
| eport issued | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | Drinking age 21 | Dram shop liability |
| s | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | | Dram shop liability |
| s | 0.10 | MADD, SADD | | Dram shop liability |
| eport issued | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | | |
| s | 0.13[1] | MADD, SADD, RID | | REDDI program; administrative license revocation |
| | 0.10 | SADD | | Montanans Against Drunk Drivers organization |
| s | 0.10 | MADD, SADD | Age 21; open container; license revocation | REDDI program; trooper incentive program |
| | 0.10 | MADD, SADD | | New law: 2 days in jail or 48 hours of public service |
| port issued | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | | |
| | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | | $1,000 license surcharge for convicted drivers |
| port issued | 0.10 | MADD, SADD | | |
| port issued | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | Blood test for drivers in serious accidents | "STOP DWI" education program; dram shop |
| port issued | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | | Limited dram shop liability |
| s | 0.10 | MADD, SADD | | Dram shop liability |
| s | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | Education program for first offenders | REDDI program; dram shop liability |
| | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | BAC to .05; breath tests for serious accidents | |
| s | 0.08 (10/83) | MADD, SADD | | Dram shop; REDDI program; CB reporting system |
| port issued | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | | Dram shop liability |
| | 0.10 | MADD, SADD | | Toll-free hot line; Dram shop liability |
| s | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | Drinking age 20 (beer & wine); open container law | |
| | 0.10 | SADD | | |
| | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | | Mandatory education requirement |
| port issued | 0.10[1] | MADD, SADD, RID | | Hot line program |
| port issued | 0.08 | SADD, RID | | Dram shop liability |
| | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | | Drinking age 19 vetoed by governor; dram shop |
| port issued | 0.10 | MADD, SADD | | |
| port issued | 0.10 | MADD, SADD | | Toll-free hot line; CB radio reporting system |
| port issued | 0.10 | MADD, SADD | | Administrative license suspension |
| | 0.10 | MADD, SADD, RID | | Dram shop liability |
| | 0.10 | SADD | Drinking age 21; BAC .08; no plea bargaining at .10 | Toll-free REDDI hot line; Dram shop liability |

ADD), Students Against Driving unk (SADD) and Remove Intoxi- ed Drivers (RID) are working ctively with legislators to fight nk driving.

Most important are changes in the titudes that once condoned drunk iving. The results of these changes the form of new legislation, stricter forcement and reduced death tolls e already a hopeful sign.

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☐ Your bibliography on drunk driving.

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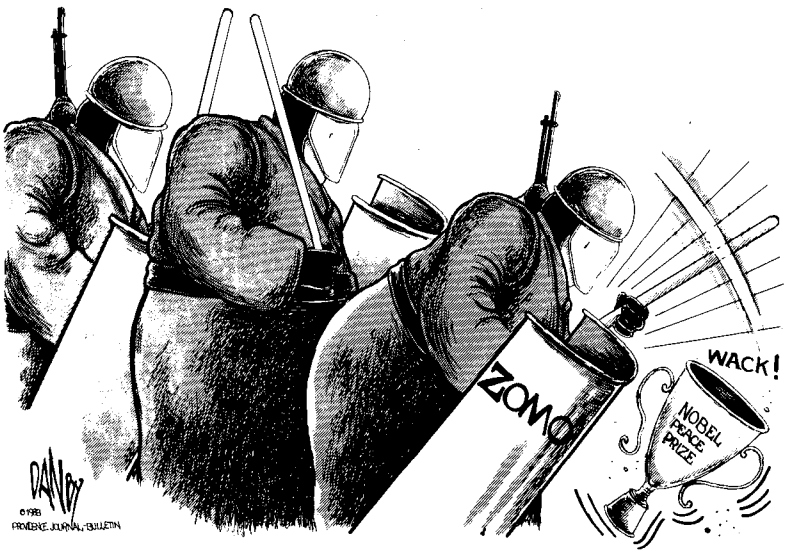
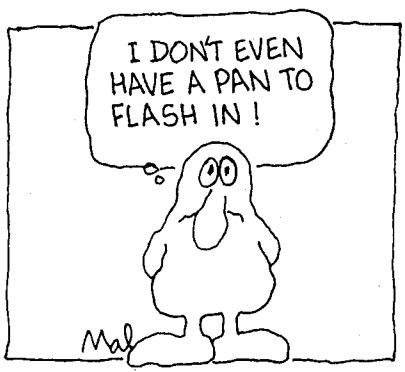
# help !!!!

## Richard II, Act II

This mother of all sinkholes, this oiled chute,
This blighted Eden where Crusaders fell,
This bog, this monumental septic tank,
This other Hell, this cul-de-sac, this swamp,
This Babel where unhappy breeds contend,
This barren plot, this trap, this Lebanon.

W. H. von Dreele



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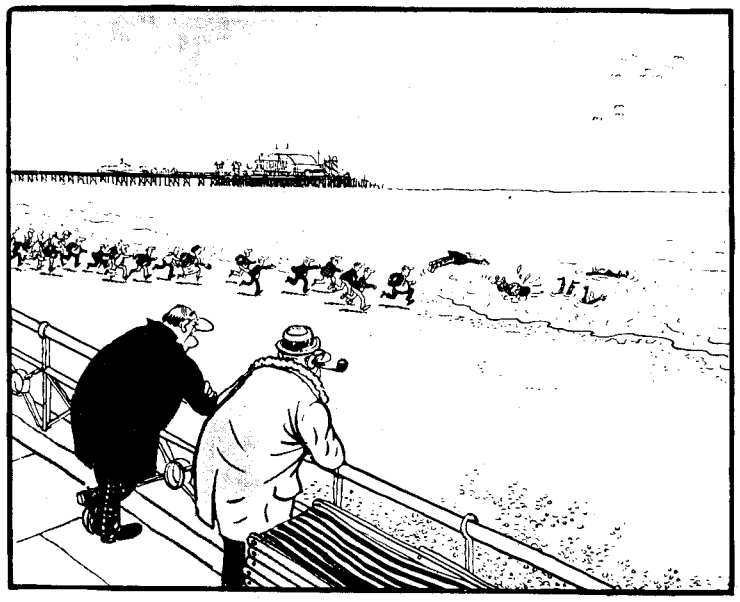

Mac, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

**"Looks as if they've all pledged unity with Kinnock."**

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usually very careful to make certain I say men and women. When you talk about a married couple, though, maybe we should say male and female. I don't know. What's the preferred term these days?"

It is true, as Mondale charged, that after the first intoxicating whiff of Reaganism, Glenn voted for the FY 1982 Republican budget, and the watered-down Kemp-Roth tax-rate cut. He quickly came to his senses, voting to limit the tax-rate cut to one year and, later, to repeal the third year. He identifies "massive tax cuts for individuals" as "the real cause of enormous deficits and resultant high interest rates." He has voted against indexation, and the balanced-budget amendment. Early in his career, he opposed common-situs picketing, whereby a single striking union could shut down an entire construction site. But he backed the Chrysler loan, and backs domestic-content legislation (protection for Detroit and the UAW).

*There are also surprises. Glenn urged Reagan to delay deploying the cruise as an earnest of 'good faith.' Earlier, Glenn did an L, if not a U, turn on the Middle East*

Defense and foreign policy seem to engage the former colonel's best thinking. Glenn is credited with helping to talk Carter out of withdrawing American troops from South Korea. He supports the B-1 bomber and voted, in a Senate tie broken by Vice President Bush, to produce a new nerve-gas bomb. He has so far not joined the El Salvador lynching party, and he proposes a 5.5 per cent defense-budget hike—more than Mondale, less than the White House. Among his savings would be the Rapid Deployment Force and the MX ("a 192,000-pound monster"). There are also surprises. Glenn urged Reagan, on the eve of Europe's anti-missile demonstrations, to delay deploying the cruise as an earnest of "good faith." A month earlier, Glenn did an L, if not a U, turn on the Middle East; having once or twice suggested that we might have to negotiate with the PLO, he now discovered they were "thugs" and proposed moving our embassy in Israel to Jerusalem.

Glenn's positions show the imprint of his character: a faith in competent execution—the laws are on the books—and an attention, sometimes amounting to a fixation, to detail—I have read Lebanon's letter (yes, and what did it say?).

What of Glenn's supposed moderation? The cry of "special interests" comes oddly from him. In the rhetoric of old populism, the special interests—banks, railroads, whatever—were malign forces that should have had no power at all. The goal of good citizens was to throw them out. For Glenn, the special interests represent worthy causes that have in some undefined (and undefinable) way gone too far. The remedy for the excesses of feminists, labor unions, black leaders, and all the rest is not to reject their claims, but to exhort them to moderate their demands.

Would they gain more by doing so? Glenn does not make political calculations in public. But Senator Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts, a firm liberal and a Glenn supporter, has. In his opinion, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, a President Glenn—astronaut, ace, and self-styled moderate—"could more easily win congressional acceptance of an arms-control treaty, tax increases, or major social legislation."

Or 90 per cent thereof.

A WEEK after Town Hall, the magnificent seven reassembled at the Kennedy School of Government in Cambridge—I. M. Pei's barrow for the last good Democratic memory.

The results of the Cuomo-Moynihan straw poll had been announced that morning: two votes for Mondale. The tussle between the front-runners, meanwhile, had heated up. Glenn had taken Mondale's union backing as a text for a sermon on special interests. Mondale, campaigning in Iowa, threw Reaganomics at him once more. Glenn, in Florida, took up the charge. Jimmy Carter, Mondale's old boss, had left office with inflation at 17 per cent, and 21 per cent interest rates. "For him to criticize me is like the first mate on the *Titanic* criticizing someone for going for the lifeboat."

By the luck of the draw, the two antagonists found themselves paired at Cambridge in a question and answer. When you were Vice President, said Glenn, "you worked long and hard" for the grain embargo, the sale of F-15s to Saudi Arabia (*L-turn!*), and the dread MX. "Are your views today still consistent with what you fought so hard for then?"

Mondale replied that he had opposed all of these measures in the private counsels of the Administration, which suggests that he was remarkably unpersuasive, though that is less embarrassing than admitting that he had persuaded Jimmy Carter. There was also, Mondale went on, the little matter of SALT II. . . .

Hard work, fine points, everything-but-the-kitchen-sink liberalism (Mondale would throw in the sink)—Walter Mondale should know what such a Presidency would be like. He served in the last one. □

## Distaffy Pull

No! This is not what we meant at all:
Urbzug sprawl;
Gloria in excessive daydream; macho
Betty, freiden out of her witchwatch; "O"
Helen gurgling on her cupcake and heaving it all.
Between the emotion and the response fall
The Shadows: Sophie does her *choix*,
Julie sheds her bra,
Fonda builds her bust,
Liz soufflés her crust. . . .
Tell me where is Nancy bred,
In the heart or in the head?
Why can you see from here to Santa Fe
On a Clare day?
And when it comes to rooted strength, what, oh
What, does Maginot?

—JOHANNES EFF



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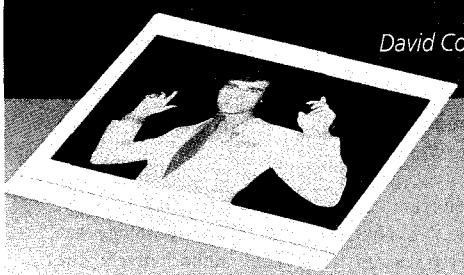
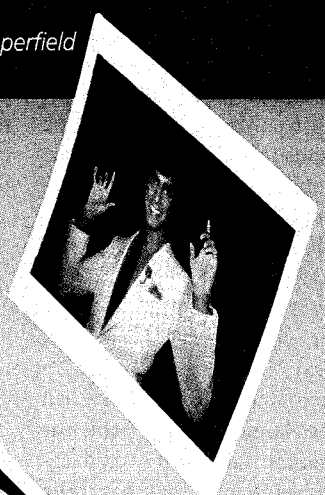


David Copperfield



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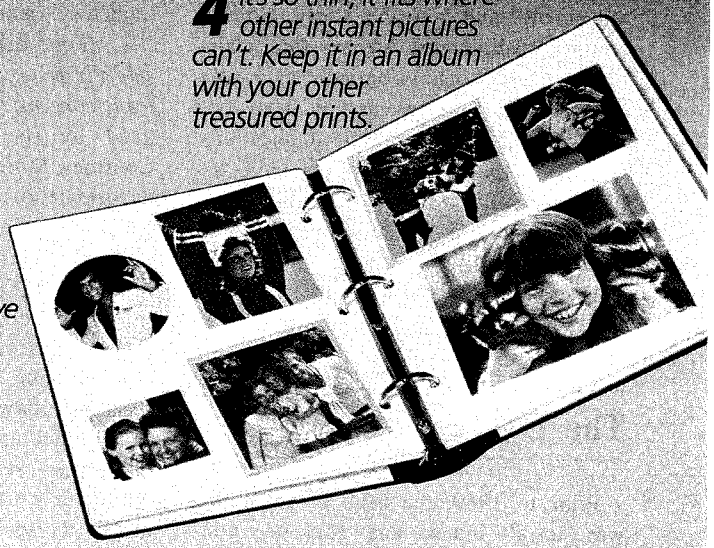

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*It's a long way from Christopher Street to Main Street. Unless their rhetoric cools, militant homosexuals may overstep the limits of the nation's tolerance. The author's advice: Keep it local and keep it quiet*

# Gay Rights and Straight Realities

TERRY TEACHOUT

"GAY RIGHTS" is currently a big issue—which is merely to say that a good deal of thought on several levels is being given to the question, To what extent is the American polity willing to tolerate the increasingly vehement demands of this country's homosexuals for explicit statutory guarantees of their civil rights? This is also an issue on which comparatively little clear thinking has been done by conservatives—and yet it is a very important issue for the Right. For the whole problem of civil liberties and the homosexual (and it is, by any reckoning, a problem) is likely to drive a wedge into the conservative movement—and not the trusty old libertarian/traditionalist hatchet that mainstream right-wingers buried years ago, but a more unpleasantly divisive one with thoroughly disagreeable implications. It therefore wants discussing; and the purpose of this essay is to make a start. How, I shall ask in due course, should a conservative think about gay rights? The answer is, Constitutionally; but we have a certain amount of groundwork to lay before we get that far.

## The Discreet Years

Prior to 1969, the issue of gay rights was, to all intents and purposes, nonexistent, for the very good reason that as far as the law was concerned there was, *sensu stricto*, no such thing as a homosexual. There were, rather, "homosexualists" (to borrow Gore Vidal's handy expression)—that is, people who engaged in proscribed sexual activities with other people of the same sex. The *people* were not illegal, in the sense that, say, a Jew was illegal in Nazi Germany; only the sexual acts they chose to perform were. Thus, the civil-rights question was irrelevant, since the law did not recognize the homosexual as a legal entity subject to discrimination.

A legal fiction? Certainly; but, like all legal fictions of long standing, it served an invaluable purpose: In this case, it permitted the judicious interposition of hypocrisy, that typically Anglo-Saxon social lubricant, in order to defuse "the homosexual problem." Briefly stated, the homosexual problem consists of two contradictory axioms:

1. *Homosexuality falls decisively outside the protective sanctions of the American consensus.* This consensus, as defined by such commentators as John Courtney Murray, is Judaeo-Christian in its orientation; and the Judaeo-Christian strictures against homosexuality (which is considered immoral, both *per se* and because of the promiscuity that has been shown to be characteristic of the "average" homosexual) have been incorporated into our legal framework via the statutes outlawing sodomy and other so-called unnatural acts. It seems unlikely that those states which have repealed their sodomy laws have, in doing so, reflected the sense of the polity, which has traditionally held that minority practices that are at once immoral and illegal are simply not protected by this country's guarantees of individual liberty.

2. *Homosexuals, nevertheless, play an undeniably important part in the workings of society.* Sheer numbers alone suggest this to be true; according to the Kinsey surveys (which are, even at this late date, the only statistically reliable bodies of data indicating the incidence of homosexuality in a large Western population), some 13 per cent of the adult male and 7 per cent of the adult female population of the United States were primarily or exclusively homosexual as of the mid- to late Forties, and these figures are widely considered to be approximately valid for today's population as well. It stands to reason that so large a group would play a significant role in the society of which it is a part and, while most Americans are at least partially aware of the extent to which homosexuals influence their everyday lives, it remains the case that, in George Steiner's words,

> Neither sociology nor cultural history, neither political history nor psychology has even begun to handle authoritatively the vast theme of the part played by homosexuality in Western culture since the late nineteenth century. The subject is so diffuse and of such methodological and emotional complexity that it would require a combination of Machiavelli, Tocqueville, and Freud to produce the great missing book. There is hardly a branch of literature, of music, of the plastic arts, of philosophy, of drama, film, fashion, and the furnishings of daily urban life in which homosexuality has not been crucially involved, often dominantly.

Now one may argue that, after all, the world would probably be better off if *Myra Breckinridge* or *The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money* had never been written; but can the same be said of *A Streetcar Named Desire*? Or *Peter Grimes*? Or *Cakes and Ale*? Or *Remembrance of Things Past*? Or, for that matter, "Night and Day"?

Thus, two axioms arise, one morally imperative and one pragmatic, the operational consequences of which stand in direct opposition. There is, of course, no way to solve a conflict like this; but, as I say, there is a time-honored way

*Mr. Teachout is a student of psychology at the University of Illinois, Champaign-Urbana.*



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to avoid the necessity of facing so painful an issue directly—hypocrisy.

In this context, hypocrisy may be defined as an arrangement in which two parties, each acting out of self-interest, privately agree 1) not to stand on certain principles that would affect the other party to the arrangement, and 2) not to explicitly discuss their agreement in public, so as to preserve the minimum appearances of rectitude. This is not quite the same thing as the hypocrisy described in La Rochefoucauld's maxim ("the homage that vice pays to virtue"): The hypocrisy I am discussing presupposes *mutual* gains for *mutual* concessions; and here, the legal fiction of "homosexualism" enters into the picture. Recognizing that American society was highly unlikely to tolerate the open practice of homosexuality, American homosexuals agreed to be discreet; and recognizing that the wholesale persecution of homosexuals would have been both impractical and unprofitable, the law left those homosexuals who chose to be discreet alone. Homosexuals who broke this "tolerance contract" by flaunting their sexual preferences in inappropriate venues were arrested and allowed to serve as scapegoats for the discreet—but they were arrested for engaging in proscribed sexual acts rather than for "being homosexual."

This contract served its purpose admirably: It kept the homosexual problem out of the unyielding area of fixed statute and allowed it to be worked out in what conservative theorist L. Brent Bozell has called "the fluid channel" of sociopolitical consensus. The resulting solution was by no means ideal; but it *worked.* Homosexuals who abided by the contract were, in the main, allowed to live out their lives with a minimum of legal harassment, while the "straight" community was allowed to remain more or less ignorant of the "gay" community in its midst.

## 'Homosexual' to 'Gay'

Over the last two decades, however, the moral climate in this country has shifted dramatically, moving toward considerably freer standards of heterosexual conduct; and, in a parallel development, the civil-rights movement provided homosexuals (and others) with the twin examples of group awareness and political activism to steer by. With the 1969 homosexual "riots" in New York, where


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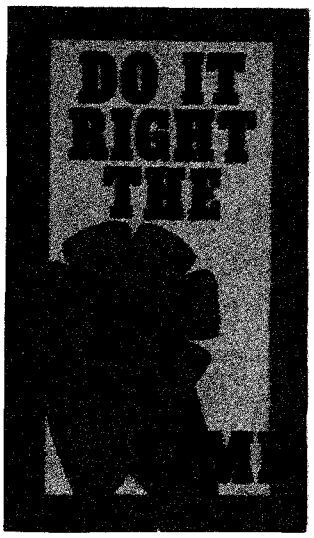


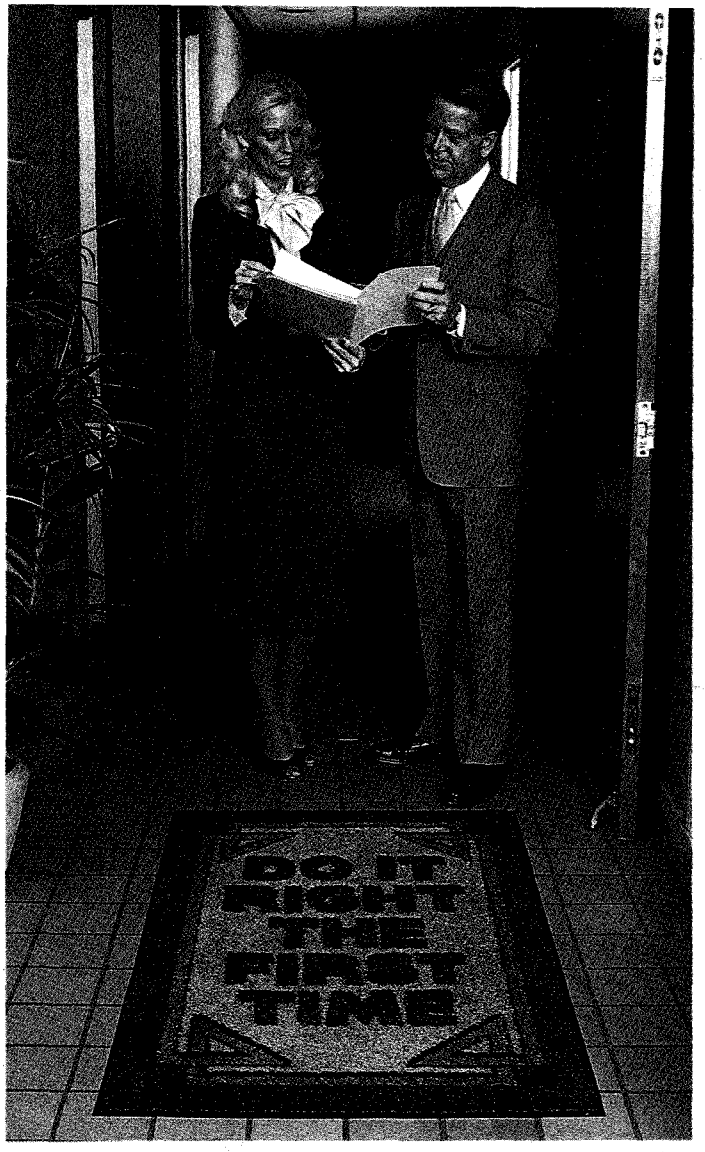

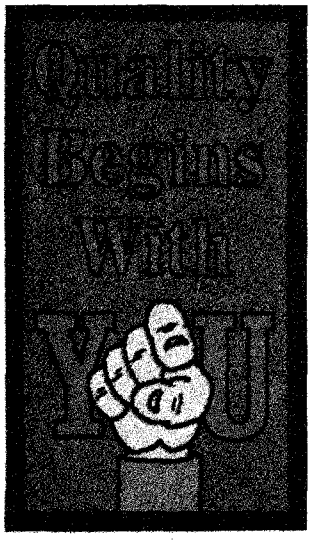

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gays actively resisted police harassment for the first time in this country's history, a new and important sociopolitical force emerged: Gay Liberation.

This movement essentially repudiates the terms on which our society's accommodation of homosexuality has rested. It stands, unequivocally, for "gay rights": the right of American homosexuals openly to acknowledge and practice their sexual preferences without fear of harassment or discrimination. And it strongly advocates the corollary doctrine of "coming out of the closet": that is, presenting oneself to the world as a homosexual, an individual whose entire system of values is significantly shaped by his sexual identity, rather than as a homosexualist, an individual who says (in effect) that his sexual activities are a function separate from his personality. The inherent intransigence of this stance, tending as it does to take discussion of the homosexual problem out of the fluid channel and into the public arena of statutory debate, is rapidly leading to a total breakdown of the tolerance contract—one with dire implications for the American homosexual, implications that are apparently not understood by those in the forefront of the gay-rights movement.

## Straight Talk

For we have also seen over the past few years a markedly conservative shift in values on the part of the American public. This shift is, of course, symbolized by the presence in Washington of Ronald Reagan and a Republican Senate; but it is also symbolized by an increasingly visible conservatism in moral attitudes. And our new-found tolerance of open homosexuality, based as it is on a widespread middle-class ignorance of the gay social order, is bound to be among the first tenets of the "new" moral code to be jettisoned.

Most Americans "know" what they know about homosexuality on the basis of such modern phenomena as, say, the once-a-season gay TV episode in which a clean-cut male homosexual, whose appearance and on-screen demeanor have been scrupulously vetted by the influential gay lobby, stands up successfully for his "constitutional rights." (A notable exception: *Hill Street Blues*, the only dramatic series on TV that could be described as conservative, takes up the topic from time to time with a typical blend of good humor and surprising candor.) Needless to say, the unsanitized truth normally remains either on the cutting-room floor or, as is more likely, unfilmed and undiscussed; for as one of the present author's homosexual acquaintances once remarked, "If Anita Bryant ever got hold of the 'pink pages' of *The Advocate* [the explicitly sexual personal advertising supplement of a prominent gay magazine], it would set gay rights back twenty years."

## Breaking the Contract

In abandoning their end of the tolerance contract, American homosexuals have forgotten that in any agreement based on hypocrisy, virtue inevitably holds the upper hand should vice renege: the power of public consensus. Society is willing to put up with a certain amount of immorality so long as the immoralists contribute to the general good and keep quiet about their leisure-time activities. But for American homosexuals to declare unilaterally that, contrary to all prior understandings, they now expect to live openly and be treated without prejudice or legal reprisal—that breaks the lease, as it were, and obligates the moralists to stand once again on their principles; at this point, a quiet return to the old tolerance contract becomes difficult if not impossible.

The consequences have already become clear. As homosexuals militantly insist on a holistic view of their sexuality, conservatives frequently prove only too willing to oblige them—by putting forward statutes abridging the civil rights of homosexuals. These statutes, popularly known as Anita Bryant laws, are a message from the conservative majority to the homosexual minority that says: "Unless you are willing to be properly discreet, we have no real choice but to withdraw our tolerance of your activities and replace it with statutes consistent with the values of the community and appropriate to your argument that 'homosexuals' should be treated as responsible persons whose sexual practices are merely the outward expression of their moral values."

This situation obviously has the potential for developing into outright repression; and mainstream conservatives, who flatly reject the notion of an "open society," are not philosophically opposed to repressive measures taken against subversive elements of society. The classic statement of this doctrine is to be found in Willmoore Kendall's essay "McCarthyism: The Pons Asinorum of Contemporary Conservatism":

> Now, such a consensus, conceived of as a body of truths actually held by the people whose consensus it is, is incomprehensible *save as we understand it . . . to exclude ideas and opinions contrary to itself.* Discussion there is and must be, freedom of thought and freedom of expression there are and must be, but not anarchy of thought and anarchy of expression. In such a society by no means are *all* questions open questions; some questions involve matters so basic to the consensus that the society would, in declaring them open, abolish itself, commit suicide, terminate its existence as the kind of society it has hitherto understood itself to be.

It is crucial to remember that Kendall was talking both theory and practice in this passage. He believed that an ideal good society would act decisively to defend its shared orthodoxy—arguing elsewhere, for instance, that Plato's "Apology" was really a defense of Athenian conduct in the matter of Socrates. He also believed that the American public unconsciously subscribed to this doctrine ("they carry it," he would have said, "in their hips"), that the Constitution codified it implicitly but unmistakably, and that our society was quite capable of acting on it if circumstances warranted.

In short: If present-day America is, indeed, a conservative society in the process of rediscovering itself, then homosexuals committed to fighting openly for their civil liberties are asking for it—because the conservative reading of American history and tradition, which 1) places homosexuality outside the American consensus and 2) allows the community the right to exclude contrary ideas and opinions that threaten the consensus, is in effect a charter for repression of the publicly defiant homosexual. Of course, it is by no means clear to what extent the average American perceives gay rights as a fundamental threat to the consensus; but I, for one, would not care to put too much faith in the continuing tolerance of the public for an essentially alien presence whose rhetoric grows more militant daily—a public, we would do well to recall, that took in the story of Sodom and Gomorrah with its mother's milk.

It is here that the potential fissure that the gay-rights issue threatens to open in the conservative movement can be found. There are a great many conservatives



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who would like nothing better than institutionalized repression of the homosexual community, abandoning altogether any vestige of the tolerance contract; and there are a great many conservatives who, though they have no particular sympathy for the gay-rights advocates, would very much prefer to let the matter take care of itself in a more sensible and less strident way. These latter conservatives would prefer not to immanentize the eschaton, so to speak; would prefer not to try to judge the question whether or not all homosexuals are going to Hell. If, indeed, they are all bound for Hades, then there is surely no need to pack the discreet ones off to prison first. In a difficult situation exacerbated by noisy demands for Gay Rights Now, the two points of view summarized here will become increasingly difficult to reconcile.

## Community Standards

Which brings us back to the previous question: How should a conservative think about gay rights? At the beginning of this essay, I answered: Constitutionally. Let me answer more fully now. *A conservative position on the matter of civil liberties should accord with four factors: the Constitution of the United States; the sense of the community; the religious orientation of the American consensus; and a decent regard for the lot of certain citizens who, to the best of our knowledge, are fundamentally unable to change their offensive ways.*

To my mind, the best way of reconciling these four factors is for individual communities to settle the matter through local referendums; and, to this end, I would encourage homosexuals and anti-homosexuals alike to put the question of mandated tolerance or institutionalized repression (depending on whose petition makes it onto the ballot) to the voters in as many citywide elections as they please. Past experience suggests that, in this matter as in most others, community sentiment will vary as widely as Miami varies from San Francisco; and, in time, one will find both a number of cities in which the question is closed one way or the other and a number of cities that have elected to leave the matter in the "fluid channel."

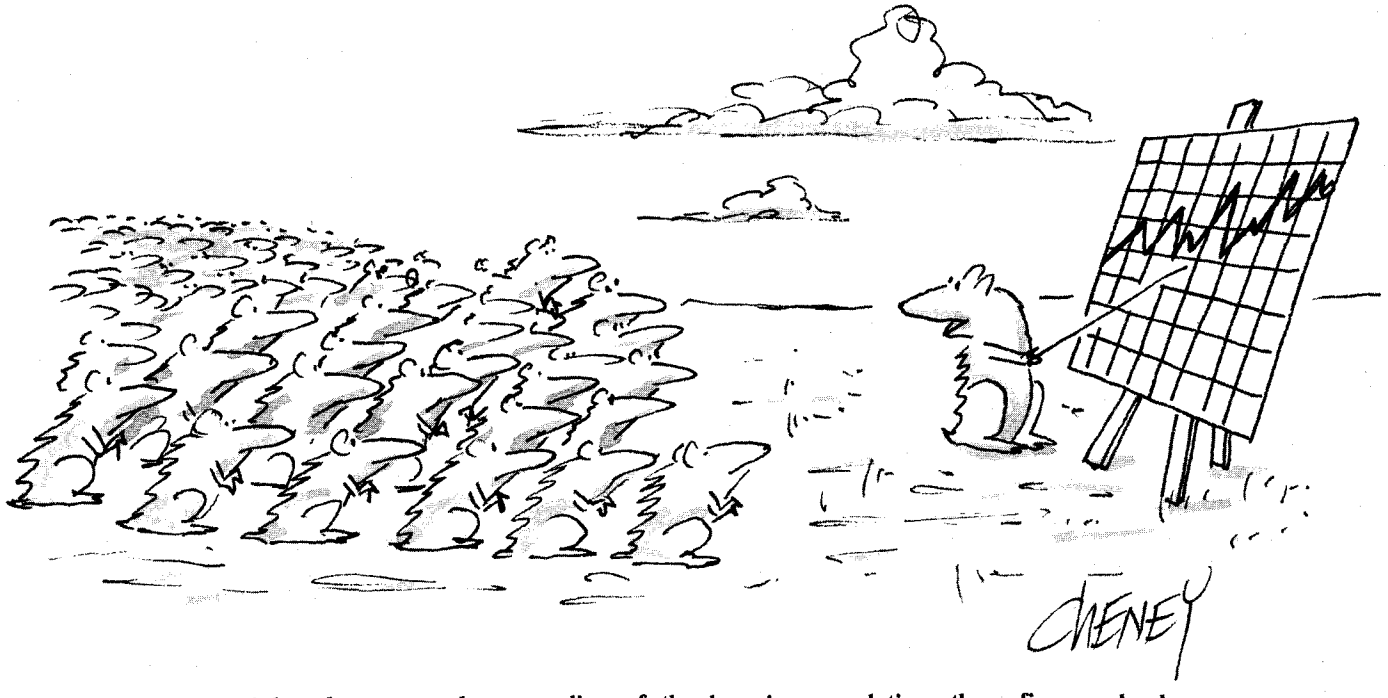
From the constitutional viewpoint, such a policy is impeccable. Individual states are free to pass or repeal sodomy laws as they see fit, since there has never been any serious challenge of the state's right to regulate certain kinds of sexual conduct; and even if the Supreme Court should at some point decide that public homosexuality falls under the category of symbolic speech and merits First Amendment protection, such a decision would not affect citywide Anita Bryant statutes, since the First Amendment's guarantee of free speech applies only to actions by Congress and (as a result of the long series of Supreme Court decisions that have "incorporated" the entire Bill of Rights into the Fourteenth Amendment) the state governments, with room left for the application of "community standards" in obscenity-related cases.

From the twin viewpoints of community and religion, this is as satisfactory a solution as can be devised, since it simultaneously allows the community to express its views on the homosexual problem and gives religious leaders and their organizations the opportunity to mobilize public support in whatever direction they see fit. And the realistic homosexual, recognizing that there is no possibility of his mobilizing a national consensus in support of gay rights, will no doubt accept with alacrity the chance at least to preserve his favored status in a few communities, such as New York and San Francisco. Indeed, if good sense prevails, the operating slogan of the gay-rights movement may well become, "Keep it local and keep it quiet," a change that most Americans, regardless of sexual preference, would probably greet with relief.

## The American Way

I want to stress that my personal inclinations with regard to the homosexual problem tend pretty strongly in the direction of tolerance. Anyone who has

*(Continues on page 1433)*




**"And based on a random sampling of the lemming population, these figures clearly indicate that the time has come for us to rush headlong into the sea."**



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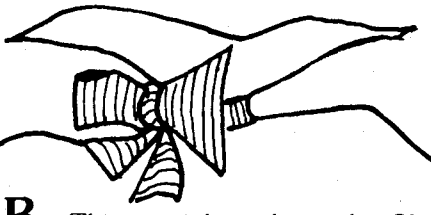

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POCKETA-POLITICA

# The Little Wonder Political Happiness Machine

JOHN KEEFAUVER

HENRY LITTLEFINGER was in his yard one Saturday morning when The Little Wonder Political Happiness Machine fell out of the sky. It hit with a pleasant thump not more than ten feet from him.

It was a funny-looking thing. Henry didn't know what it was until he saw printed on the top: THE LITTLE WONDER POLITICAL HAPPINESS MACHINE. He looked up, wondering where it had come from. The sky was empty. There wasn't an airplane, a helicopter, a hot-air balloon—not even a cloud.

Henry walked toward the machine very slowly. It was about six feet long, two feet wide, and two feet high. On its top was a door with a knob. Next to the knob were the words: "Enter Here. Close Door. Push Button Inside and Political Happiness Will Be Yours Forever." Henry was even more puzzled when he read that. He was already politically happy. He voted for anybody he wanted to.

But Henry was also curious. He wondered if The Little Wonder Political Happiness Machine could make him even happier. After all, even though he could vote for anybody he wanted to, sometimes there was no one running who made him really glow.

So, he got inside the machine. As soon as he closed the door, a light went on and he saw a button. When he pushed the button, he heard a soothing sound: POCKETA-POCKETA-POLITICA. And right away he began to feel happier than he ever had.

When his wife, Sweetbread, called him to lunch, he stuck his head out of the machine and yelled, "I'm not hungry!"

That surprised her, and it surprised Henry, because he was almost always hungry. "You will be soon," she called. "I know you. Come on in, now." So, Henry got out of the machine even though he didn't want to.

*Mr. Keefauver is a freelance writer who lives in Carmel, California.*

When he sat down at the table, he said to Sweetbread, "I can't stay long because I have a Little Wonder Political Happiness Machine. It fell right out of the sky. I think City Hall sent it to me."

"That's nice, dear. Now eat your lunch." But Henry ate only a little bit even though he was hungry. He wanted to get back inside his happiness machine.

"Henry," Sweetbread said, "don't you like the lunch I fixed you?"

"No," he said.

And he ran out into the yard and got right back inside The Little Wonder Political Happiness Machine.

But the machine didn't go POCKETA-POCKETA-POLITICA now. It went POCKETA-POCKETA-POLITICA YOU-LEFT-ME. And Henry wasn't as happy as he had been, because he knew he had made Sweetbread feel bad, and also because he was still hungry.

But Henry stayed in The Little Wonder Political Happiness Machine, hoping it would go POCKETA-POCKETA-POLITICA again and make him happier, as it had at first. But it didn't.

Suddenly the door was opened, and looking down at him was the puzzled face of his next-door neighbor, Roscoe Republican. "What are you doing in that box, Henry?"

"Box? This isn't a box! It's my Little Wonder Political Happiness Machine. Please close the door so I can be happy."

"Happy!" cried Roscoe. "How can you be happy lying in a box with the door closed?"

"Because it goes POCKETA-POCKETA-POLITICA, or it will if you'll close the door and go away."

Roscoe said, "Oh, my God!" Then he said, "Come on out and let's pin some elephant tails on donkeys."

"No," Henry said, and he reached up and pulled the door shut. The machine went POCKETA-POCKETA-POLITICA GOOD. But even so, Henry wasn't as happy as he had been at first because he was going to miss raising hell with Roscoe. And he was very hungry now.

It wasn't long before Dimples Democrat knocked on the door of The Little Wonder Political Happiness Machine. "Henry," she said, "Roscoe told me you were here. Do you want to come test some political winds with me?"

"No," Henry said. "I'm going to stay in my Little Wonder Political Happiness Machine."

As soon as Henry closed the door, the machine went POCKETA-POCKETA-POLITICA GOOD-GOOD. But even so, he wasn't very happy, because he was going to miss raising hell with Dimples. And he was also very, very hungry.

Well, he had to feel happier pretty soon, he thought. And as soon as he thought that, the machine went POCKETA-POCKETA-POLITICA GOOD-GOOD-GOOD, and he felt a little bit happier.

So, when Sweetbread called him to dinner, he stuck his head out of the door of the machine and yelled, "I don't want any! I'm too happy to eat!"

But when she screamed, "You come to dinner, Henry Littlefinger, or I'll stop cooking for you until you're skinny enough to be dropped into a ballot box!" he jumped right out of it—even though the machine went NO!-NO!-NO!

HENRY ATE and ate and ate! And as soon as he was finished, he ran out to The Little Wonder Political Happiness Machine and got inside. But now it went YOU-ATE! YOU-ATE! YOU-ATE! YOU-LEFT-ME! YOU-LEFT-ME! YOU-LEFT-ME!

Then the machine went LOVE-ONLY-ME-OR-GET-OUT! EAT-ONLY-ME-OR-GET-OUT! VOTE-FOR-ONLY—

Henry now felt *un*happy, more than he ever had.

So, he hopped right out of The Little Wonder Political Happiness Machine. And as soon as he did that he felt happier than he had all day. And when the machine flew up into the sky and disappeared, he felt even happier.

Henry ran into the house to kiss Sweetbread and phone Dimples and Roscoe. He could hardly wait to tell his friends he wanted to pin elephant tails on donkeys or test political winds or do anything they wanted to—even vote—except get into another Little Wonder Political Happiness Machine. He'd never do that again.

MORAL: When City Hall starts dropping pie-in-the-sky into your yard in the shape of a coffin while calling it a happiness machine, you'd better remember that curiosity doesn't kill just cats. □



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# Abroad

**Moscow** *Coming Gas*

Siberian natural gas will start flowing to Western Europe next January through 2,780 miles of pipe laid from Urengoy to the Czech border, according to energy officials here, even though not a single pumping station has yet been finished. Boris Shcherbina, minister of energy construction, belittled the efficacy of American attempts to embargo Western technology for the pipeline, especially turbines for the pumping-station compressors. There has, however, been some obvious delay. As of now, only one Italian-built station and two Soviet-equipped ones are close to functional, he said, adding that back-up compressors on parallel pipelines would be used to bring the gas to Western buyers. As for the fear, expressed widely in the West, that dependence on Siberian gas might lead to undesirable political pressures, Shcherbina remarked that it represented less than 5 per cent of Western European energy requirements. "Anyway," he said, "we always fulfill our contracts." Since Western Europe now has an abundance of energy supplies, the Soviets should have plenty of time to get the wrinkles out of the system.

**Tokyo** *Facing Women*

The position of women in the Japanese work force is still far short of equality with men. Attempts to improve it are meeting traditional opposition. The Japanese government did sign a United Nations convention on women's rights in 1979 (although the Diet has yet to approve it) that gives women the right to economic equality, and this idea has now to be faced. The government is preparing legislation that would greatly improve women's status as employees. This move has been opposed by the Nikkeiren, the employers' confederation, the feeling being that nothing should be done to disturb the balance of the existing labor market and the employment practices that derive from it. Almost half of Japanese women work outside the home, mostly in traditional jobs (nurses, clerks), and many of them have university degrees. But present law restricts women in many ways—working hours, for instance (they may not work after 10 P.M.). Then there is the important practice of reserving many industrial jobs for men. Big discrepancies in pay and retirement benefits are another long-standing issue. The employers' view is that women workers are the "flexible" part of the work force because the large majority marry relatively early and drop out to raise families.

**Canberra** *Riches under the Ice*

Antarctica is the world's last untouched landmass, and it is known to be exceedingly rich in coal, iron, copper, and uranium, with enormous reserves of oil beneath its continental shelf. A treaty dating from 1959 has ruled out mineral exploitation and military development, and restricted the continent to scientific exploration. Recently 16 countries, including the United States and the Soviet Union, have been talking here about the next steps to be taken, when the treaty expires in 1991. Already, voracious Russian factory fishing ships have been nibbling at the edges, and some other scientific bases have been described as screens for military activity. Specific talks about the mineral exploitation of Antarctica will begin next year. Not that any useful drilling or mining could begin at the wave of a diplomatic wand. Photographs of penguins and seals have brought Antarctica home to the public, but it is still a forbidding place. Only 1 per cent of its area is exposed rock. The rest is covered by ice varying in depth from a few yards to three miles. The temperature frequently falls to minus sixty centigrade, and the winds are as strong as anywhere on the globe. So mineral exploitation is something like fifty years away, assuming the world then needs it and is willing to bear the cost. Before the 1959 treaty, seven countries—Britain, France, New Zealand, Australia, Chile, Argentina, and Norway—had staked out territorial claims. They all have since adhered to the treaty, along with other countries that have established scientific bases. The question of territory has hitherto been a minor one, mostly because such claims are theoretical, but they could easily become diplomatic footballs in the future. The present negotiations are intended to establish ground rules that could restrict the kind of pressure, including hostile competition, that Antarctica's vast resources could easily generate.

**Bordeaux** *High Livers*

What do pineapple ice cream, cucumbers, and sunbathing have in common? They give the French liver trouble. What causes coughing fits, the staggers, and inability to read small type? Liver trouble. The *crise de foie*, or liver attack, is a famous function of French life. It was consecrated during the heyday of the spa as a sure sign of conspicuous consumption. But a French hepatology and gastroenterology expert, Dr. Claude Beraud of Bordeaux University, has declared this a myth in a four-hundred-page book entitled *The French and Their Livers*. He says that outside of genuine liver disease—principally cancer, hepatitis, and cirrhosis—liver ailments are very rare. He also says the French ought to stop all the strange and even dangerous diets they follow for imaginary liver complaints, and ignore the 140-odd commercial liver remedies that are consumed in large quantities but which have no clinical efficacy.

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

**"I find nothing wrong with Trudeau traveling out of the country so much; it's his returning that bothers me!"**



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- ✔ A glimpse at Malcolm's private correspondence with Solzhenitsyn.
- ✔ The role John Paul II had in converting Muggeridge. Mother Teresa's decisive influence. Cardinal Newman's.
- ✔ A moving plea to the West's bishops.
- ✔ What *was* it like living under Stalin? An evening at the theater (playing "Slag").
- ✔ Dissected: the liberals' death wish.
- ✔ Why a Catholic can — even should — be apocalyptic. How Malcolm answers those who dismiss him as a "pessimist."
- ✔ Two authors Muggeridge recommends with particular fervor.
- ✔ A stinging indictment of TV (especially cable). And then, Muggeridge moves on to the media (where for forty years he reigned as a dean) in general.

One of those rare men who has an intelligent opinion about nearly everything, Muggeridge is at his best in this first (indeed, only extensive cross-examination since he and his wife entered the Church late last year.

***Notes From Malcolm's Hymn To Orthodoxy...***

*"A very big factor in my conversion was simply an association with Mother Teresa, which happened by chance. One day I got a message that an Indian nun of some sort was coming over here. The British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC) said, 'Would you care to come and interview her?' And then, of course, I saw her. And I realized immediately that she was a very exceptional person, and I was enchanted by her. She was very eager that I should become a Catholic... and we used to talk about it. I had some feeling that I couldn't, but then at last it seemed clear. And so one of the things that was so very pleasant about my conversion was the thought of pleasing her. Which it did."*

*"I find in old age that almost everything that's happened is written into Dostoyevsky: It's really quite extraordinary. Among other things, he says: 'Doing good without God is diabolical'."*

*"It may well be that liberalism is a much more vicious and destructive attitude than communism. Because it masquerades as being humane. If you want a simple example, which I believe is extraordinary: You have this holocaust in Germany under the Nazis, with everybody beating their breasts over it. And at the same time on our side of the fence with abortion, euthanasia, and all these things, you've got a sort of 'humane' holocaust taking place. It is infinitely more dreadful than Hitler's. Yet nobody can see the connection between the two — or puports not to."*

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# Dead End

*Poland*
*By James A. Michener*
*Random House, 556 pp., $17.95*

WLADYSLAW PLESZCZYNSKI

Two schools of thought color American views of modern Poland. On the one hand, we have those who find the true Poland in the Poland of Kosciusko and Walesa, heroic, defiant, noble, romantic—just about everything America nowadays tends not to be. On the other hand, we have those who see only the ugly Poland, pig-headed and intolerant, anti-Semitic to the point that the country is sometimes labeled an accessory to the Holocaust. James Michener's latest documentary novel, *Poland*, reveals him as a member of the former school, an unabashed Polonophile.

Now, it's nice to have admirers, and beleaguered Poland could do worse than to be the subject of a Michener blockbuster. However, the book is destined to be read by millions who know next to nothing about the country, so perhaps it is best to judge it with this in mind.

Michener began this project in 1977 when he was invited to travel to an "exotic" country to film a documentary. Michener chose Poland, he said, because "if you look at its geographical and ideological position, you'll see that it must become a focal point within the next decade." When events proved him correct, he was free to become more specific. "One of the most profound problems in the world," he now writes in *Poland*, is "how does a Communist dictatorship relax its controls, especially when the collapse of its economic policies demands that such controls be relaxed?" Yet he knows better: A Communist dictatorship with Soviet tanks permanently based in its forests cannot relax its controls. In the attempt to place recent developments in a larger context, the only question left is how Poland came to this dead end. Thus does Michener begin a well-meaning assault on Polish history.

Not knowing Polish, Michener prepared by having a team of Polish scholars provide him with "an unmatched overview of Polish history as local authorities view it today." The fictional form he uses serves as a convenient cover for the many gaps resulting from such a crash-course approach. Michener has invented a castle, a manor, and a village, and filled them with three families representing the staples of old Polish society—i.e., the magnates, the minor nobility, and the peasantry—all of whose experiences he narrates against the backdrop of nine crucial periods spanning the past eight centuries of Polish history.

Several constants emerge. The country seems always to have been the target of some outside aggressor. In rough chronological order, Michener deals with the Tatars; Teutonic knights; Cossacks; Swedes; Transylvanians; Turks; Russians, Prussians, and Austrians; Communists and Nazis. Though Polish valor saved the West several times from the onslaught of barbarians, Polish achievements were never appreciated by Westerners, particularly the Germans. Today there is even an effort afoot to deny that Poland was ever the target of Nazi atrocities. Through it all, Michener writes, "every incident in Polish history [has] testified to the nation's determination to avoid autocracy and dictatorship." Or, as he puts it elsewhere, "Personal freedom was the lifeblood of Poland."

So how is it that by the late eighteenth century Poland had disappeared from the map of Europe? The country simply never developed "the governmen-

C. Buckley

**Saul Goodwin** *is a freelance writer who lives in Illinois.* . . . **Kevin Lynch** *is on the editorial staff of* NATIONAL REVIEW. . . . **Joe Mysak** *is an editor and columnist for* The Bond Buyer. . . . **Wladyslaw Pleszczynski** *is managing editor of* The American Spectator. . . . **J. O. Tate** *is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island, New York.*



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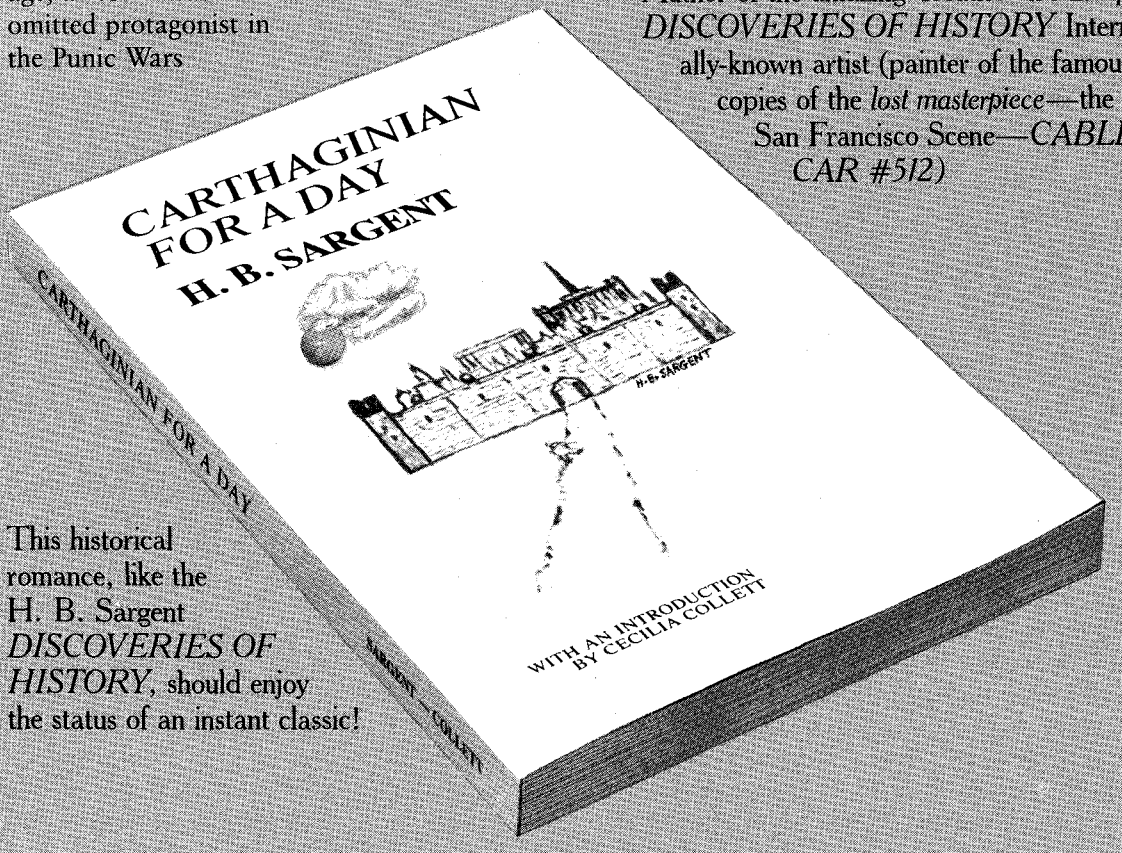


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tal forms which would preserve that freedom." The culprits were the "very rich" magnate nobility, who exploited Poland's vaunted noble democracy to turn the Polish kings into figureheads, corrupt the numerous minor nobility, enserf the peasantry, and collude with Poland's enemies. When the country rallied in the late 1700s to reform itself, its autocratic neighbors moved in to crush the life out of it.

The uninitiated, reading Michener's account, will no doubt develop genuine sympathy for this misguided, victimized nation, and their sympathy will only increase when they learn of Polish determination to keep the flame of freedom burning through 123 years of partition, or of the savagery of the Nazi occupation, the subject of Michener's best chapter. But sympathy in this case must not be mistaken for understanding. Without dwelling on the countless errors and distortions to be found in *Poland*—this is fiction, after all—I might mention two shortcomings that are relevant to Michener's attempt to capture the big picture.

The first concerns Polish-Russian relations. Given that Poland today still suffers under a Russian yoke, there is a great deal to be learned in the history of these relations. But, for some reason, Russia doesn't figure in the book until 1757. Meanwhile, the unsuspecting readers of Michener's chapter on Poland's bloody seventeenth-century wars will never know that Russia figured in these wars—it was easily Poland's most frequent opponent in both that and the preceding centuries—or that circa 1610 Polish armies took the Kremlin, installed a Polish prince as Czar, and were in a position to alter the course of history. Poles have yet to forgive their forebears for squandering this opportunity.

The second shortcoming has to do with Michener's ethnocentric view of historical Poland. While he does find room for the Ukrainians in passing—as peasants under Polish magnate rule, as Cossacks, and as makers of Easter eggs—the Jews are all but ignored. When they appear it is invariably as musicians, always faceless and anonymous, even in Michener's graphic account of their fate under the Nazis. As for the unpleasant matter of anti-Semitism in modern Poland, Michener's apologia appears to come straight from the mouths of the "local authorities":

> During the partition Jews fell under the rule of foreign powers that were openly and sometimes savagely anti-Semitic in their official policies. During an entire century excesses against Jews were orchestrated by the occupying powers, and pogroms, often officially sponsored, flourished. Inevitably, some Poles were raised in a climate which encouraged religious prejudice.

Would that it were that simple and Poland less "exotic." Any country that produces a John Paul II and a Lech Walesa is resilient enough to be viewed without blinders. □

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*In Afghanistan*
*By Jere Van Dyk*
*Coward-McCann, 253 pp., $18.95*

# THE GREAT TERROR

## KEVIN LYNCH

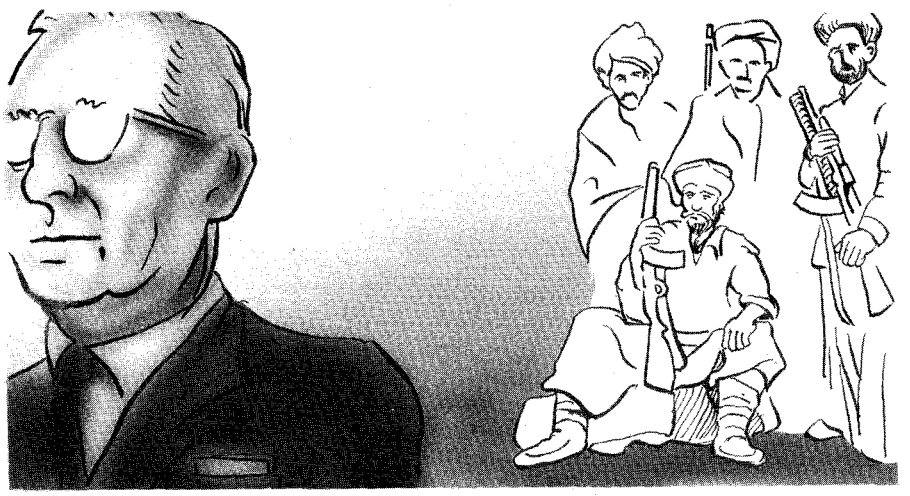
Mesmerized by the exotic and the dangerous, Jere Van Dyk had to go to Afghanistan—not to fight the Soviet army, but to test himself, "to see how much courage I had." In the several weeks he spent in Afghanistan (in late 1981), Van Dyk made many discoveries—about himself, about the Afghans, and about the West.

In Pakistan, departure point for Western travelers, young Van Dyk met a cynical band of Western journalists who were enjoying themselves immensely, consuming bottles of California wine and swapping real-life horror stories. For all their bravado, it soon became clear to Van Dyk that their supposedly thick skin was surprisingly thin—he saw right through it and discovered a vein of idealism as rich as his own. It wasn't until Van Dyk met the Afghans that he encountered 100-proof cynicism.

Van Dyk had to talk to several Afghan leaders before one agreed to let him accompany a band of his troops into Afghanistan. To be sure, the Afghans weren't doing it to oblige Van Dyk's craving for his own badge of courage. He was filling a void. Since America's premier journalists are skipping this war, the Afghans must place their hopes for international attention on relatively unknown journalists who make up in courage what they may lack in prestige.

Though Van Dyk thought he was in good physical condition, he was no match for the terrain of Afghanistan or for his rugged escorts who nimbly glided from rock to rock for hours on end. His feet were cut and sore; his body ached. All the while, whether trekking from one outpost to another or hiding from Soviet helicopters, Van Dyk's Afghan hosts treated him with the courtesy prescribed by the Koran, never failing to allot him the most generous portion of their meagerness. At one overnight stop he was given a sleeping bag—his companions had only blankets—that he noticed was made in Georgia. In all the weeks he would spend in Afghanistan, that sleeping bag was the only object he saw that came from America.

HAVING not yet forgotten what Genghis Khan did to Afghanistan seven hundred years ago, the Afghans will assuredly never forget the present depredations of the Soviet Union—the torturing, the slaughtering, the yellow rain. No one has to persuade the Afghans that the Soviets are the focus of evil in the world. But neither will they be able to forget, as Van Dyk's book makes clear, what the West hasn't done for them. Unlike any other soldiers in the world, the freedom fighters of Afghanistan are directly fighting the Soviet army, not Soviet surro-





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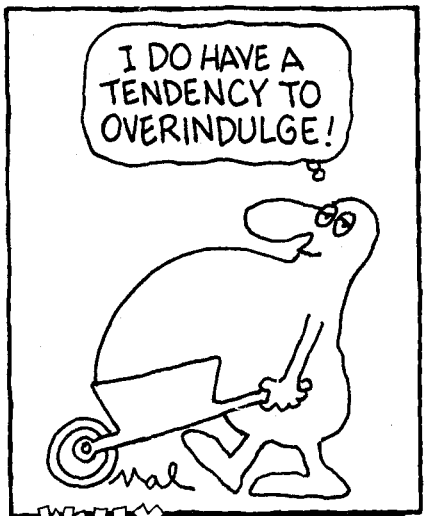
gates—and the West offers them nothing. "We are fighting the West's battle," an Afghan leader told Van Dyk, "which, unfortunately, is our own. If in truth we are fighting a just cause, then why, why in the name of God does not the West help us?"

What do the Afghan freedom fighters need? The list is short and depressingly familiar: guns; medicines; and missiles to bring down helicopters. The Afghans know that the United States, if it so desired, could supply all of these in abundance. In the space of a year, the U.S. has created and armed a force of at least ten thousand to fight the Sandinista government. Several months ago, when Libya first menaced Chad, the U.S. arms pipeline began disgorging anti-helicopter missiles to Chad. What have the Afghans gotten, after almost four years of fighting and dying (aside from the sleeping bag)?

And the Afghans aren't alone. Insurgent armies have sprung up inside several Marxist-dominated countries. Besides Afghanistan, there are anti-Marxist armies in Angola, Mozambique, Ethiopia, Cambodia, and Nicaragua. With the exception of the *contras* in Nicaragua, all of them are being ignored by the West. And how long will a Congress that is unnerved by the prospect of radio broadcasts to Cuba permit the Administration to arm the *contras*?

Van Dyk, in spite of the weeks he spent with the freedom fighters, isn't preoccupied with the question of understanding Communism, in Afghanistan or anywhere else. Those interested in that subject must look elsewhere, to James Burnham's *Containment or Liberation?* or to Laurence Beilenson's *Power through Subversion*. But Van Dyk is drawn to the question of why the Afghans are forced to wage their war unassisted. His answer, which he tosses off rather casually, is that the West fears Islam as much as it fears Communism. There's Khomeini, you know, and Qaddafi, not to mention the Saracens. But not all the Afghans accept this explanation. Many of them, judging by their remarks to Van Dyk, have reached the same conclusion as Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn.

"Now let us look at Afghanistan," Solzhenitsyn said in London last spring. "The war has been on there for three years. During all this time, the West, apart from a kind of generalized sym-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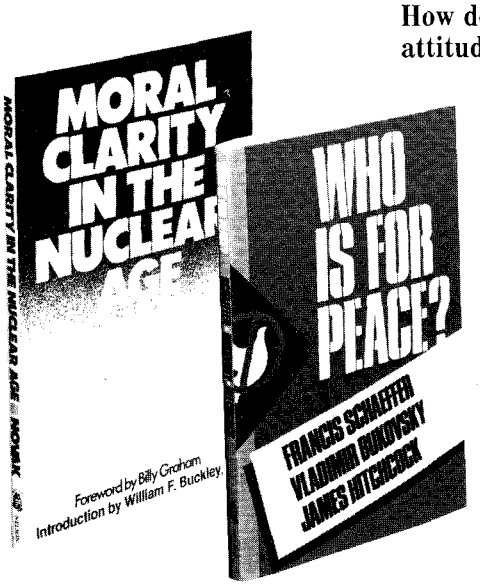
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# RANDOM NOTES

■ More November Titles: *Soviet Power: The Kremlin's Foreign Policy—Brezhnev to Andropov* (Simon & Schuster, $19.95), by Jonathan Steele, argues quite bafflingly that, appearances to the contrary, the USSR is "less adventurous, energetic, and threatening" than most Westerners believe. (Steele is chief foreign correspondent for the *Guardian*.)

*In the Path of God: Islam and Political Power* (Basic Books, $22.50), by Daniel Pipes, a State Department official, is a cogent study of Islam as a political force in the modern world.

In *The Oil Follies of 1970-1980: How the Petroleum Industry Stole the Show (and Much More Besides)* (Anchor/Doubleday, $19.95), Robert Sherrill claims that American oil companies, banks, and "every President who served during the 1970s" worked in collusion with OPEC by conspiring to create artificial shortages and panics and defrauding consumers of millions of dollars. . . . James Grant's *Bernard M. Baruch: The Adventures of a Wall Street Legend* (Simon & Schuster, $19.95) is a solid, well-researched biography of the venture capitalist and stock-market speculator who began his career as a clerk in a brokerage house, made himself a fortune, was elected to the Governing Committee of the New York Stock Exchange, and was appointed head of the War Industries Board under Woodrow Wilson in World War I.

Joseph Frank's *Dostoyevsky: The Years of Ordeal 1850-1859* (Princeton, $25) is the second in a projected five-volume biography of the Russian novelist, dealing with the period in which Dostoyevsky, as a Siberian prisoner and private in the Russian Army and later as a tormented husband, underwent several of the most crucial experiences in his development as a writer.

*The Anatomy Lesson* (Farrar, $13.95) is another of those things by Philip Roth; this one brings back Nathan Zuckerman, who appeared in two previous Roth novels, as its protagonist. —CW

pathy, has not done anything concrete for the country. If the West really understood that all the Communist governments of the world are its mortal enemies—and no kind of thaws, no kind of smiles would ever change the situation—and that all the subjugated peoples are its allies, the West could long ago, by its actions in Afghanistan, have brought about a very different situation. You would by now have had two, three, four regiments of ex-Soviet soldiers ready and willing to fight. But the Western governments, including the American government, are terrified of the Kremlin's anger." □

*Marxism and Beyond*
*By Sidney Hook*
*Rowman and Littlefield, 225 pp., $22.95*

# FROM MARXISM TO UNIVERSALISM

## JOSEPH SOBRAN

Any book by Sidney Hook can be relied on to provide plenty of meaty argument, and the essays gathered in *Marxism and Beyond* live up to expectations. Hook takes everything seriously. He debates earnestly with people some of us might prefer to ignore. And after reading his review of *The Twilight of Capitalism*, Michael Harrington would probably prefer to have *been* ignored.

Harrington is one of many subjects covered in this book. All of them have to do with Marxism, in some sense; this is even true of Marx. To my surprise, the opening essays on Marx manage to refresh one's view of him. It isn't necessary to want to exonerate the old rascal from responsibility for the crimes done in his name to see that however defective his vision, it doesn't have much to do with the Gulag.

As an ex-Marxist, Hook is disillusioned without being bitter. He maintains an admirable clarity and fairness toward his first political love. His aim is not to settle scores or apologize, but to make and maintain important distinctions. It is his attempt to *understand* Marx, rather than get him off the hook (no pun intended), that moves him to separate Marx from "Marxism-Leninism." We have fallen into the habit of interpreting Marx through Lenin, when Lenin was neither successor nor scholar and is likely to mislead us if we take his inventive and self-justifying misreading of Marx as the Authorized Version. Marx's errors are not to be confused with Soviet atrocities.

As Hook sees it, most of Marx's errors flow from his failure to recognize "the primacy of political freedom in relation to all other desirable social and cultural freedoms." Marx therefore underestimated the possibility of democratic social change. Hook also thinks Marx confused his own disciples with his determinist rhetoric, which has helped create the impression that Marx was amoral. Actually, says Hook, Marx did think that morality is fundamentally objective, though shaped and distorted by economic class interests. Freed of its own unhappy formulations, Hook contends, Marx's view "makes sense—even common sense."

The residue of Hook's agreement with Marx shows up in his final essay, "A Critique of Conservatism," in which he argues that the economic coercion created by shortage "can be just as persuasive, although different, as the coercion of physical violence or its threat. The chief difference is that one is long drawn out, the other sudden and more immediately painful." The brigand's options, summed up in the phrase, "Your money or your life," are not very different from the Gradgrind proposition, "Your labor or your life." In either case, Hook argues, it is Pickwickian to say that the man to whom these options are offered is a truly free agent.

"Therefore," he continues, "property in things, especially in the social instruments of production, means power, power over human beings." But this is to give the word "power" a strategically ambiguous meaning. The man who turns me away from his door in my hour of need may be heartless, but all social order depends on seeing the essential difference between turning me away and approaching me with a pistol. Failing to relieve me of distress is one thing; creating my distress is absolutely different. If people are free to help me, I am free. It is conceivable, in a society of heartless people, that my freedom will do me no good; but then a heartless society would offer neither public nor private charity. I don't see what is gained by saying that freedom which does you no good isn't really freedom; it would be more rational, I should think, to say that there are things that matter more than freedom, if that is what we really mean.

At any rate, Hook is sensible enough to recognize that mere state action is no guarantee of security: State ownership of the means of production (as Trotsky pointed out) may actually make the nightmare of a heartless monopoly a reality—as in fact is the Soviet case.

It is hard to discuss a book that cov-



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ers so many topics; suffice it that Hook's main passion remains anti-Communism, and he argues with his wonted vigor with Harrington, Malcolm Cowley, the Frankfurt school of Marxists, John Kenneth Galbraith, David Caute, and other men who devote their days and nights to minimizing the evils of Communist power, while exaggerating the defects of free societies—not only exaggerating, but misstating them.

Hook has seldom been more scathing than in his review of Galbraith's memoirs, asking bluntly why Galbraith is so censorious toward Richard Nixon and so utterly tolerant of "the hero of Chappaquiddick," whom Galbraith calls "[perhaps] my closest friend in politics."

> If character is relevant to politics what act of Richard Nixon's begins to compare in infamy, moral cowardice, and deception with that of Edward Kennedy's? And as for coverups, what act of Nixon's was as degrading as the bribe to the parents of the victim of Chappaquiddick to forbid an autopsy whose findings might have raised the question of whether what occurred, that is, the delay in getting help and reporting what happened, was purely an accident?

This, mind you, is no defense of Nixon, no complaint about his removal from office: Hook is simply taking Galbraith at his word as a *soi-disant* moralist.

In one essay Hook characteristically salutes Solzhenitsyn as a great moral prophet but takes issue with him as a critic of the West. Hook denies that religion is necessary as an underpinning of democracy. He may in a sense be right, but his argument strikes me as rather shallow, especially when he says, "I propose that we find a set of ethical principles on which human beings can agree regardless of their differing presuppositions." I'll drink to that. Let me know when they turn up. But first everyone must have the kind of presuppositions that will allow for practical consensus with other presuppositions, which in turn must be able to accommodate others'. In short, Hook is presupposing civil presuppositions all around.

In order to have universalism, you have to have a predominance of universalists. Maybe universalism ought to be universal, but it isn't; sometimes it seems to have the character of a small sect. A society needs something firmer undergirding it than a trivial lowest common denominator; any two people in the world can agree on all sorts of things, but not necessarily the sorts of things that give a society cohesion. □


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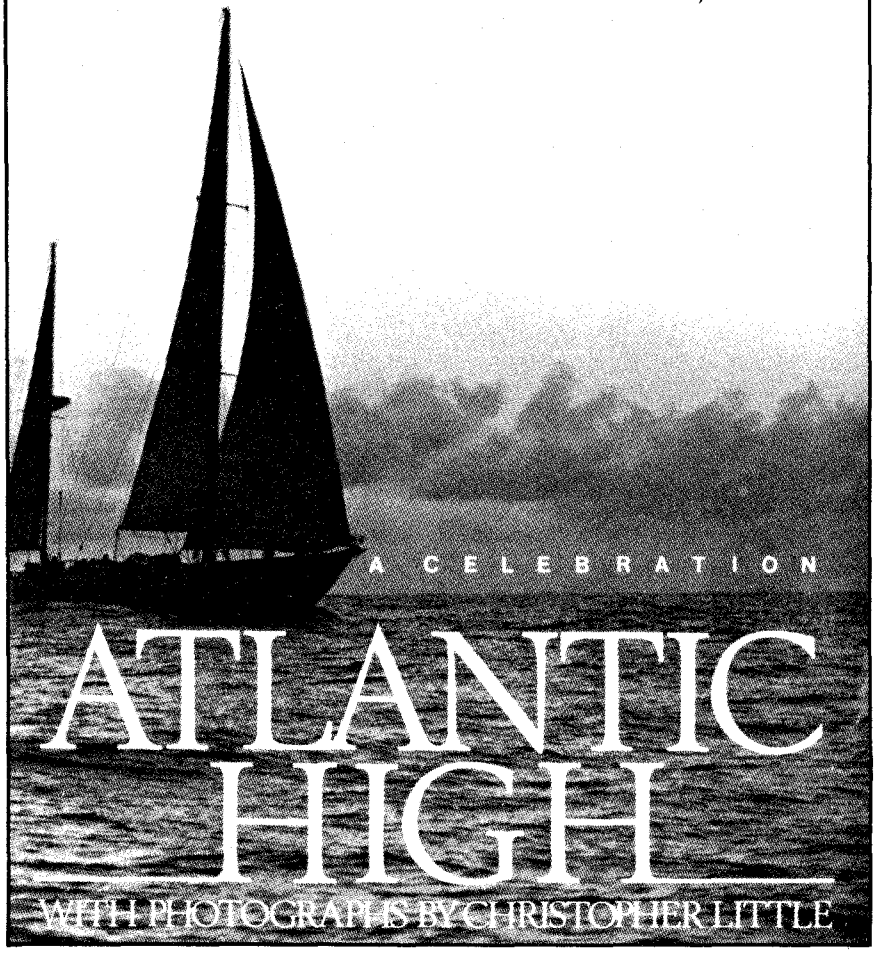





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*Landscape Turned Red: The Battle of Antietam*
*By Stephen W. Sears*
*Ticknor & Fields, 431 pp., $17.95*

# GENTLEMEN AND BUTCHERS

## J. O. TATE

Having in three months, in the summer of 1862, moved the locus of struggle between the Army of the Potomac and what he named the Army of Northern Virginia from the suburbs of Richmond to those of Washington, Robert E. Lee decided to march north. Lee looked to this move to relieve his native state and to encourage Southern sympathizers in the "sister state" of Maryland; further down the line he hoped to give battle somewhere west of the mountains. Such a battle, won on Northern soil, might well—according to Confederate hopes—discourage Northern prosecution of the war and justify foreign recognition or perhaps even intervention. Lee crossed the Potomac looking to end the Civil War.

Heading west from Frederick, Maryland (where Stonewall Jackson never laid eyes on Barbara Frietchie, though Whittier's fictitious verses have long survived the veterans), Lee divided his army into four and then five elements in three states. Behind a screen of mountains, Lee aimed to capture Harpers Ferry, securing his line of communications before moving toward the Susquehanna. But suddenly McClellan's Federal corps were pressing down upon Lee's screen on South Mountain, where Harvey Hill fought a delaying action while Lee hastened to unite his forces. "I thought I knew McClellan," Jackson was heard to say, "but this movement of his puzzles me." The usually over-cautious McClellan was maneuvering as if he had a copy of Lee's orders.

He did. In a bizarre moment worthy of a dime novel, a copy of Lee's "Special Orders 191"—wrapped around three cigars—had been found on September 13 by Private Mitchell and Sergeant Bloss, Company E, 27th Indiana. McClellan himself was to say, "Here is a paper with which if I cannot whip Bobby Lee I will be willing to go home." But no sooner was the chance of a lifetime dropped into his lap than McClellan began to revert to form and fritter away—along with many lives—an opportunity to strike a decisive blow. The "Lost Order" revealed to McClellan the scattered state of the tatterdemalion Confederates. His clear task was to attack before they recombined. But the climactic battle was not fought until four days later, by which time Lee had found a defensive position and managed, though barely, to reunite most of his command. In *Landscape Turned Red*, an account of the Maryland campaign, Stephen W. Sears emphasizes throughout McClellan's finicky unwillingness to risk all for a decision. In so doing, Mr. Sears distorts somewhat, I believe, the narrative he elaborates in regimental and even individual detail.

Some of this wealth of detail is familiar (or should be) to the reader of Henderson, Freeman, Catton, and Foote; familiar to the prowler of library stacks who has suppressed sneezes inspired by the 128 dusty volumes of the monumental *War of the Rebellion . . . Official Records . . .* (1880-1901); familiar to the traveler who has visited the unspoiled town of Sharpsburg and observed the unhurried flow of Antietam Creek. The peace and quiet of the battlefield is daunting today, for it was through this cornfield and over that pasture and by that church and beside this creek that a series of violences exploded in such a way that September 17, 1862 became "the bloodiest day of American history."

That detail is all here: Hooker's three Federal divisions pouring out of a misty dawn through the West Wood and the Cornfield (as these common sights became, dignified by bloodshed, proper nouns) to be met by Hood's Confederates, who expressed their exasperation at the interruption of their first hot meal in days with a furious counterstroke. Joe Hooker was to say later of the Cornfield that "every stalk in the northern and greater part . . . was cut as closely as could have been done with a knife." Sam Hood, asked where his division was, replied, "Dead on the field." The collision of the 12th Massachusetts with the Louisiana Tigers was but a minor episode:

> When the order was given to withdraw, there were only 32 men of the 12th Massachusetts left to escort the regimental colors to the rear. A few score more would eventually turn up . . . but when a final count was made the proud 12th was little more than a shell. Its commanding officer was mortally wounded, and it had lost 224 of the 334 men it took into battle, earning the terrible distinction of suffering the highest casualty rate (67 per cent) of any Federal regiment on that bloody day. Losses among the Louisiana Tigers were very nearly as great—61 per cent—and every one of its regimental commanders was killed or wounded.

The sub-battle of the Bloody Lane (and Harvey Hill picking up a rifle to lead a feeble counterattack that bluffed the Yankees), the storming of Burnside's Bridge and the collapse of the Rebel right, A. P. Hill's donning of his red battle shirt and the nick-of-time arrival of his Light Division, which wrecked the last advance that threatened to collapse Lee's lines—all the set-pieces are treated with a thoroughness they have not received before.

The heavily outnumbered Confederates held their lines, however narrowly, by dint of their own courage—and because of McClellan's failure to coordinate his attacks and to commit his reserves. The Federal troops fought as well as their enemies did, but were out-generaled once again. Paralyzed, it seems, by responsibility, McClellan never noticed that his

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opposite number was willing to wager all on the turn of a card. Yet in belaboring McClellan's shortcomings, Mr. Sears, I think, goes too far. In reiterating rumors of disloyalty prevalant at the time, he gives the impression that McClellan may actually have had a treacherous motive for pulling his punches. But Lee himself, after the war, when asked to identify his ablest opponent, replied, "McClellan, by all odds." It's true that George B. McClellan was a pseudo-Napoleonic blowhard, but he was also a good soldier who served his country. The difficulty of understanding such a nineteenth-century personality is not solved by adopting the attitude of the radical Republicans. McClellan was a "soft war" man who was not keen on abolition. This may have put him out of step with history, but it did him no dishonor, for his attitudes were shared by many thousands of Northerners.

Mr. Sears's ire leads him into questionable pronouncements. His statement that "On no other Civil War field did a commanding general violate so many . . . 'principles of the military art' that a professional soldier was expected to know" invites challenge. Burnside, who succeeded McClellan, foolishly ordered his men into slaughter at Fredericksburg, as McClellan never would have done. Hooker, who replaced Burnside, lost his self-possession at Chancellorsville, as McClellan never did. His failure to follow up after Antietam was not, after all, as costly as Bragg's paralysis after Chickamauga.

An unfortunate corollary of Mr. Sears's censorious treatment of McClellan is an underrating of Lee. That superbly balanced individual is described more than once as "angry," and Mr. Sears implies not only that Lee's stand at Sharpsburg was based on false assumptions but that his lingering on the day after the battle was also an error of judgment. I believe both of these decisions were matters of character, and I note that Mr. Sears neglects to point out that Lee lingered again, nearly a year later, on the fourth day at Gettysburg.

The battle of Antietam (or Sharpsburg, if you're from Toombsboro) was a tactical draw exacting a total of nearly 23,000 casualties; but it was a strategic victory for the North. Confederate reverses at Perryville, Kentucky, and Corinth, Mississippi, meant that by the autumn of 1862 the high-water mark of the Confederacy had been left behind. Lincoln seized on the "victory" to proclaim his policy of emancipation. The removal of McClellan marked a transformation of Northern war aims that amounted to revolution. Confederate failure doomed hopes for foreign recognition. Mr. Sears shows us how profoundly the Civil War—even one campaign of it—is "the watershed of American history." In his characterizations of the protagonists, however, he is less successful at rendering "the American Iliad." □


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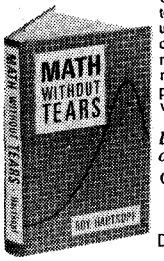


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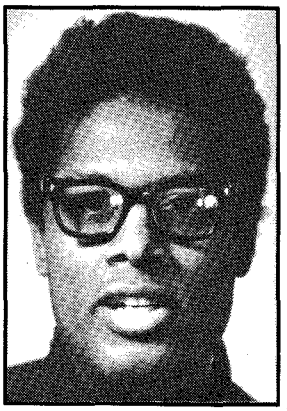

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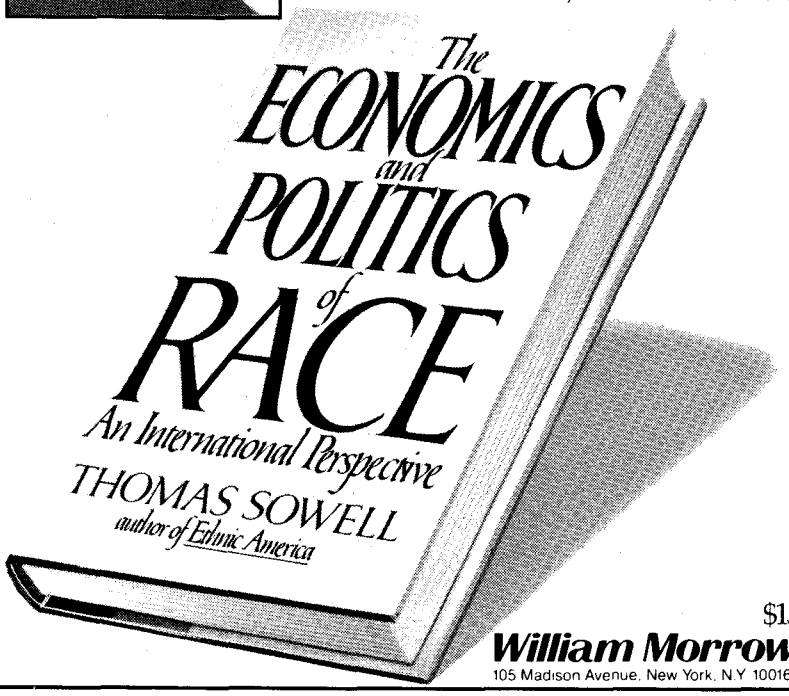


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*Hugging the Shore: Essays and Criticism*
*By John Updike*
*Knopf, 919 pp., $19.95*

# GOSSIP OF A HIGHER SORT

## JOE MYSAK

This book does not open on an encouraging note. "Writing criticism is to writing fiction and poetry as hugging the shore is to sailing the open sea," Updike grouses in the foreword. "One misses, hugging the shore, the halting mimetic prose of fiction, which seeks to sink itself in the mind of a character or the texture of a moment." He does not particularly care for writing in "the voice of a wise and presentable man," and yet, "the world craves book reviews far more heartily than it craves books."

For all that, and despite the fact that he makes a splendid living from writing fiction, the author evidently relishes doing reviews. "They give us literary sensations in a concentrated form. They are gossip of a higher sort. They are as intense as television commercials and as jolly as candy bars. I myself usually turn to the book reviews in a magazine or a newspaper just after the cartoons or the sports section, and I want them to be well done."

And so we have *Hugging the Shore*, his third and most multifarious collection of essays and criticism since he started reviewing books for *The New Yorker* in 1960. Updike describes his own style: "A good review is, among other things, a little anthology; my own experience of authorship urges me to heed the author's exact expression and to condemn him, if he must be condemned, out of his own mouth."

This, unfortunately, translates into the kind of softness that those who like their reviews full of lusty abuse will have trouble keeping down. To see some second- and third-rate authors treated in a serious and approving manner, perhaps (and this is only a notion) because they continue to write fiction in our age of journalism, is to see those authors, and Updike, in quite another light. Kurt Vonnegut, Christina Stead, Gayl Jones, a lot of Muriel Spark and Iris Murdoch —these seem indefensible, not objects of head-nodding and appreciation.

To remain chary about Updike because of his modern lapses, however, would be to miss a lot, namely those times when what was once unblushingly referred to as a fine literary sensibility is brought to bear upon a worthy subject. Consider particularly his "Three Talks on American Masters," dealing with Hawthorne's creed, Melville's withdrawal, and Whitman's egotheism, or his reviews of Joyce's and Hemingway's letters. One takes pleasure in such pieces not as criticism but as keen literary exercises.

Then there are the pieces in which the author tips his own hand. Reviewing John O'Hara's collected letters, Updike says that O'Hara "was crazy about writing, and his writing has the innocence of enthusiasm." What his art lacked, according to Updike, was "love of language . . . language as a semi-opaque medium whose colors and connotations can be worked into a supernatural, supermimetic bliss. . . . Language seldom led him with its own music deeper into the matter at hand. Hemingway's flatness had about it a willed point, a philosophical denial of depth; O'Hara's was serenely post-philosophical."

Of Henry Green, Updike writes, "If I say that Henry Green taught me how to write it implies that I learned, and it is not a business one learns—unlearns, rather, the premature certainties and used ecstasies unraveling as one goes, with each day new blank paper to confront." These are the kinds of things that tell more about the author than his ostensible subject.

Not to be discounted in a collection like *Hugging the Shore* are those passages that may not add much to our understanding of the author, but which manage to say something to us, now. Here, for example, Updike takes on the "academic literature mill" in a review of a portion of Boswell's journals:

> Saintly devotion does not prove a deity. One cannot help wondering whether the minions of the Boswell Factory ever feel barnacled upon a literary figure who, whatever his aesthetic charms and historical value, might be termed, relative to a host of other nobler creative spirits in English letters, a second-rater. A second-rater, furthermore, whose sole previous claim to fame was his purposeful playing of second fiddle. The Boswell papers are a scholarly happening, but this does not mean they are Art. The academic literature mill, having ground all the grain it can find, will grind chaff rather than shut down.

Elsewhere, he describes the collecting of Hemingway's letters, "one of those disservices of which only reverence is capable." Of a volume of Edmund Wilson's notebooks: "There is something to offend everyone here." And he sums up the "usual debris" of love more pithily here than in any of his novels: "Sonnets, sleepless nights, exhaustive letters, jealous fits, and supercharged dreams."

*Hugging the Shore* is not as sexy as Updike's usual production, and it will probably not win him many new friends. But it is a service, and will be treated with due reverence. □

*Winter Season: A Dancer's Journal*
*By Toni Bentley*
*Random House, 150 pp., $11.95*

*Whatever Happened to the Quiz Kids?*
*By Ruth Duskin Feldman*
*Chicago Review, 375 pp., $12.95*

*Midnights: A Year with the Wellfleet Police*
*By Alec Wilkinson*
*Random House, 200 pp., $11.95*

# LIFE STUDIES

## SAUL GOODWIN

Christopher Isherwood, embarking on a stint of book-reviewing for *The Listener* in the mid-Thirties, made a point of asking editor J. R. Ackerley to send him "contemporary autobiographies by people who weren't celebrities—a horse-trainer, for example, or a prison doctor, or an ordinary seaman." In his book *Christopher and His Kind*, Isherwood explains this unorthodox preference as follows:

> Such a book is probably the only book which its author or authoress will ever write. It is thus, in a sense, a masterpiece, the definitive statement about an individual life. It will, nearly always, have something in it which can be sincerely praised—a moment of artless frankness, a warmth of



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innocent joy, an anecdote so incredible that it could never have been invented.

I happened to run across three such books in the course of a week's reading not long ago. Granted, none of them fits very neatly into Mr. Isherwood's pigeonhole; though all three books are first-time efforts, two are by professional journalists, while the third is the work of a dancer with the New York City Ballet—a celebrity *ex officio*, as it were.* Yet each of these three books possesses a quality uniquely characteristic of the "amateur" memoir: an outward focus. Most autobiographies are literary gazes into a mirror; presuming on his celebrity, the author of such a book confidently takes for his motto some more or less appropriate variation on "I am the man, I suffered, I was there." But the author of, say, *Fifty Years a Country Doctor*, having no celebrity on which to presume, is far more likely to turn his gaze outward and choose a more seemly (if equally metrical) motto: "Here is the world in which I live and work." He will naturally gravitate toward the quotidian, and his book will be the stronger for it; if he should also have an eye for the universal and an ear for the rhythms of good prose, his book may turn out to be deeply moving as well.

There is a pleasing irony in the fact that the best prose to be found in these three books was written by the one out-and-out literary amateur of the group: dancer Toni Bentley. Her book, *Winter Season: A Dancer's Journal*, was initially conceived as a therapeutic exercise; Miss Bentley found her career at a standstill as the New York City Ballet's 1980-81 season began, and she decided to keep a journal in order to clarify her feelings about the possibility of leaving the company. Her decision to publish this brief journal was an inspired one: *Winter Season* is quite possibly the most revealing book about the world of ballet ever to see print.

Miss Bentley shares with the reader a wealth of detail at once homely and exotic: everything from the high cost of toe shoes to the smell of mold in the ancient dressing-room refrigerator. We learn from her the extent to which the members of her profession are encouraged to shun the life of the mind. ("I think too much, far too much, to dance. For

*Actually, *Whatever Happened to the Quiz Kids?* is Ruth Duskin Feldman's second book. Her first, *Chemi the Magician*, appeared in 1947—when she was thirteen.


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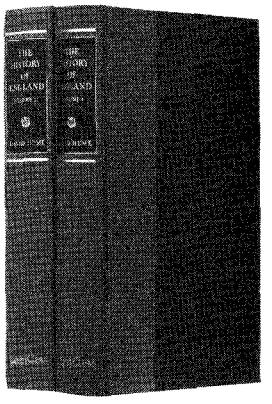

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years I've been told this by friends, lovers, teachers, and messiahs. Maybe I should have listened and stopped thinking. But must thinking be the death of my career?") And we acquire from her a feel for the profound narcissism of the typical dancer: a creature wholly sensual, almost a trained animal, laboring in the service of another man's genius.

What is most striking about *Winter Season*, though, is the way in which Miss Bentley brings to this life of sensuality a rare degree of insight and detachment, writing about it with a touch so sure as to suggest the cat-like nuances of Colette. One realizes from the very first paragraph of this book that Toni Bentley is no illiterate ballerina:

> I am a dancer in the New York City Ballet. I wrote the pages that follow during one ballet season. I began on November 21, 1980, and finished on February 15, 1981. I was lonely; I was sad. I had decided to be alone, but I had never decided to be lonely. I started writing on a yellow pad. I wrote, and I smoked. Every page was covered with a film of smoke.

Miss Bentley was 22 when she wrote this journal; older and more experienced authors struggle fiercely every day to write with such clear-eyed grace.

We learn at the end of *Winter Season*, by the way, that Toni Bentley took a leave of absence from the New York City Ballet at the end of the 1980-81 season but came back to stay a few months later. No matter what shape her future as a dancer may assume, she will have the lasting satisfaction of knowing that in *Winter Season* she has written a minor classic about the strange profession she loves so passionately.

IT WOULD BE hard to find two books more dissimilar than *Winter Season* and *Whatever Happened to the Quiz Kids?* Subtitled "Perils and Profits of Growing Up Gifted," this book by journalist and ex-Quiz Kid Ruth Duskin Feldman is an artless, uneasy yoking of anecdotal memoir and group biography written in a prose tightly packed with cliché. ("In foiling their dragons and pursuing their golden fleece, they may be aided by sage advice and talismans, but ultimately they must depend on their own wits and inner strength.") One thus cannot read *Whatever Happened to the Quiz Kids?* as an art object; but it is nevertheless a fascinating account of 14 gifted children thrust into the limelight at a dangerously early age.

*Quiz Kids*, you may recall, was a long-running radio show on which a rotating panel of five gifted children of various ages answered questions about everything from ornithology to calculus; the children featured most frequently on the program all became minor celebrities of the Forties. "I predict for the Quiz Kids life success far beyond the average," said Dr. Lewis Terman, the professor in charge of a famous longitudinal study of 1,500 gifted California children called *Genetic Studies in Genius*. It was that prediction which, three decades later, led Mrs. Feldman to search out her former companions and see how well they had done.

She ultimately tracked down 82 of the more than six hundred children who appeared on the show during its 13-year run, conducting lengthy interviews with a dozen of the more popular panelists. Her findings, not surprisingly, run roughly parallel to those of the Terman study: Most of the Quiz Kids did well in later life; quite a few did exceptionally well (Dr. James D. Watson, the Nobel Prize-winning author of *The Double Helix*, appeared on the show three times); and a few were, comparatively speaking, failures.

The bulk of *Whatever Happened to the Quiz Kids?* is devoted to profiles of 13 of the show's "stars," most of whom grew up to be happy and successful adults. Among their number are to be found a wealthy TV producer, a diplomat, a Jesuit priest, a philosopher, and a couple of housewives. One former "star" is a failed opera singer, another a cocktail pianist; Gerard Darrow, the only really spectacular failure in the entire group, became an alcoholic homosexual, died in total obscurity, and was buried in an unmarked grave.

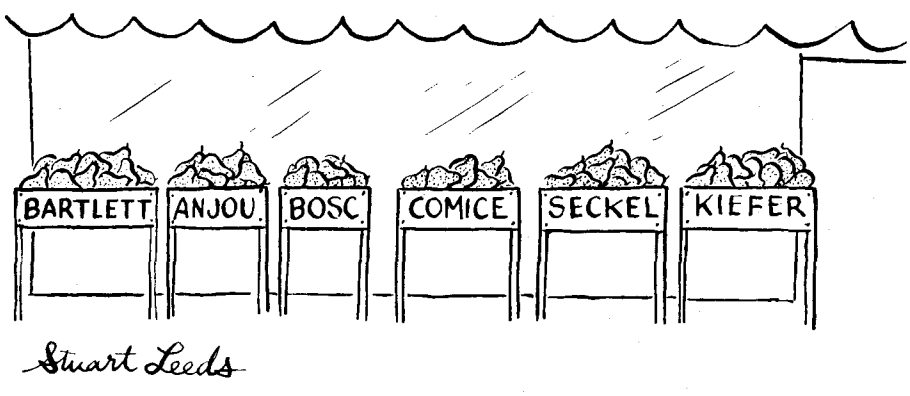
One can only admire Mrs. Feldman's considerable industry in digging up so much first-rate raw material—but one can also only regret that, having dug it up, she did not promptly turn it over to a *New Yorker* staff writer. A memorable three-parter could easily have been quarried out of *Whatever Happened to the Quiz Kids?*; as it is, what Mrs. Feldman has given us is an overly long book that moves jerkily from nostalgic recollection to pure reportage. Still, *Whatever Happened to the Quiz Kids?* makes up in sheer human interest for what it lacks in literary craft, and no aging prodigy will read it without shuddering a little at the memory of an insufficiently wasted youth.

MRS. FELDMAN might have profitably entrusted her material to *New Yorker* reporter Alec Wilkinson, if his newly published first book, *Midnights: A Year with the Wellfleet Police*, is a fair indication of his skills as an author. Like *Winter Season*, *Midnights* is an "occupational" memoir that gets directly to the point in its first paragraph:

> In May of 1975, when I was 23 years old, five months out of college, with a degree in music, and without any idea of what to do with myself, I took a job as a policeman in Wellfleet, Massachusetts, and resolved to stay with it for a year because I thought it would do me good. I was lonely much of the time, as well as scared, surprised, excited, embarrassed, self-righteous . . . I never quite shook the feeling that I was a fraud; and on several occasions, when it all seemed to be too much, I meant to quit, but I never did.

Mr. Wilkinson gratifyingly follows through on this promising beginning, and *Midnights* turns out to be one of the best books of its kind since fireman Dennis Smith's brilliantly memorable *Report from Engine Co. 82*.

The tone of *Midnights* is exactly right: low-keyed and sympathetic, with an appealingly wry touch whenever the author contemplates his inadequacies as a policeman. His respect for his colleagues is refreshingly obvious. He gives us an all-too-plausible picture of a tired foot pa-



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trolman slogging his way through yet another small-town graveyard shift. ("It was depressing to be disliked by people I didn't even know, depressing to be cursed in public and to work midnight-to-eights over and over, depressing to harass the kids on Main Street only because the selectmen wanted it done.") And his sketches of the various members of the Wellfleet police department are as vivid as they are economical.

Alec Wilkinson may have added immeasurably to the maintenance of civic order in Wellfleet, Massachusetts, when he turned in his gun and moved to New York to cover goings-on about town; but he did as much for the cop on the beat in every small town in America by writing *Midnights: A Year with the Wellfleet Police*. There is a wealth of genuine understanding hidden behind the reticence of *Midnights*. Though Mr. Wilkinson may not be as striking a prose stylist as Toni Bentley, his own life study also adds up to a modest but satisfying work of art. □

# DELECTATIONS

## VINIFERA/LABRUSCA

NIKA HAZELTON

When we speak simply of "wine," we mean the beverage produced from fermented grapes. (Others need to be explicitly qualified: dandelion wine, elderberry wine.) Two main species of grapes are grown in the United States for wine-making: *Vitis vinifera* and *Vitis labrusca*. *Vinifera* is the species of grape used in Europe and in most of the rest of the world, including, in this country, California. It produces the great wines of the world, such as the wines of Bordeaux, Burgundy, and the Rhine. Its most important grapes—the "noble" grapes—include Cabernet, Pinot Noir, and Merlot (red) and Riesling, Chardonnay, Chenin Blanc, and Sémillon (white). But there are many other less-well-known varieties of *vinifera*—such as those used in Spain and Italy—which are not grown in the United States.

*Vinifera* came to our shores from Europe, whereas *Vitis labrusca* is truly native to the Eastern United States and parts of the Midwest. Wines made from *labrusca* have an unmistakable flavor of their own, described as "foxy," which translates as wild and grapy and rather rank. Concord and Catawba are the best-known *labrusca* varieties. *Labrusca* mainly appeals to people who are not used to *vinifera* wines; people accustomed to *vinifera* cordially dislike *labrusca*. Geographical location contributes to this difference in tastes. Many Easterners and Midwesterners prefer wines made from grapes native to their regions, whereas Californians and other Westerners like *vinifera* wines, introduced to the region by the Mission Fathers, who, centuries ago, began making their own wine for use at Communion.

The trouble with *vinifera* is that the vines are not very resistant to the hot humid summers and long cold winters of the American Northeast. They are also susceptible to a number of pests and diseases that *labrusca* vines are immune to. Most important, the plant louse phylloxera—which was introduced from the New World into Europe and which devastated practically all of Europe's vineyards in the last century—does not affect the resistant American species. It was discovered, though, that *labrusca* rootstocks could serve as rootstocks for *vinifera* varieties, thus making them hardier. Today, this grafting is universal practice in the vineyards of Europe, as well as in California and other parts of the United States where the pest is a constant threat. Grafting *vinifera* onto *labrusca* rootstock does not affect the flavor of *vinifera* wines in the least.

Hybrid grapes are a very different matter. Hybrids are the offspring of two different species, combining or trying to combine the best elements of each. The process is an endless one of elimination and new combinations of suitable species. The best hybrids in this country are the so-called French hybrids, which are hardy and good producers of grapes, although their wines at best are nothing to rave about. The best-known French hybridizer was M. Seibel, who crossed *vinifera* with *labrusca*. French hybrids are named after the developer and the seedling number, but, to make things easier, some have been given personal names, such as Chelois (red), *né* Seibel 10878; and the white Seibel 5279, called Aurora. In New York State, the Geneva New York Agricultural Experiment Station is also developing hybrids, largely for the improvement of table grapes, although it has produced a pleasant wine hybrid named Cayuga (Geneva White 3). Incidentally, most of the hy-

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bridizing these days takes place in this country: French law does not allow hybrid planting any longer, because the French are afraid of lessening the prestige of their great Bordeaux and Burgundies, for which they wish to be known—and paid.

Interestingly, many experts now think that you can't go any further with improving hybrid wines: that they are now as good as they ever will be. I happen to suspect this is true, but, after all, it is a matter of opinion, and winemaking gets more and more scientific—so who knows? Equally interestingly, American taste is turning more and more to *vinifera* wines, both domestic (from California, mainly) and imported. Few American grape growers today will not grow at least some *vinifera*. In New York State, the first *vinifera* grape vines were planted by the brilliant, though difficult, Konstantin Frank and the equally brilliant, though sunny-tempered, Charles Fournier in the early Fifties. Mr. Fournier, for Gold Seal winery, also produced the first commercially successful *vinifera* wines in New York State.

*Vinifera* is now generally recognized as the best wine grape, but when you listen to all the winemaking newcomers in New York State you'd think they invented the fact themselves. The great *vinifera* man today is Hermann Weimer, scion of a long line of winemakers in the Moselle, who has improved the *vinifera* species, planted it exclusively in his vineyards, and makes some of the best Riesling and Chardonnay anybody has ever tasted. His wines are not cheap—around $10 to $15 a bottle—and not abundant; but they are worth every penny and the trouble of finding them. □

# The GIMLET EYE

## ON LAUGHING TO DEATH

### D. KEITH MANO

I want to prepare you: who knows, we might meet yet down the line. See, I have a rather embarrassing affliction. Given the right peculiar circumstance, I can laugh myself to fine paralysis. A look, some absurd visual alignment, Mother's latest adventure in Consciousness—and my diaphragm will begin to lock. I can't call spent air back. The carotid arteries refuse their blood freight. I'm blinded by red, wild calligraphy. There is pain as if my rib cage were held open with a surgical retractor. And, in self-protection, I go for prone fast. This will continue about three minutes. Hysteria might be the diagnosis, though, of course, I'd prefer another. Certainly it is perplexing and even offensive to see a 41-year-old man lie spastic with good cheer on 97th Street or at your demure salon. It doesn't happen that often—perhaps twice per month—and, until this autumn, it had never seized the Driver Me.

Seven A.M., September 8. The Red-Headed Person and I are due in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, for a football scrimmage between Columbia and Allegheny Colleges. Christopher, 12, has just been made Columbia ball boy, a job that he takes almost as seriously as I take my job as Columbia fan. Elegant morning: grass outside is greener than Prell. When we pull away the R-H P will remind me of a decision made between us driving back from football camp last Sunday. This fall, with ten long road-trip weekends ahead, we should use the seat-belt harness. I'm agreeable, but he has to show me how. Not in twenty years of driving have I clicked one on. Bondage isn't my hole card, I guess.

On a three-, four-hour road hump Christopher will occasionally read aloud. Beats thumb-indexing from one frail-signaled, flea-market-and-tire-sale radio station to another: I'd rather memorize a Laundromat bulletin board than that. For Lock Haven, Chris had brought *The Incomplete Book of Failures* by Stephen Pile. This is an understated-but-true tribute to human ineptitude. "The Least Accurate Newspaper Report," "The Worst Canal," "The Least Successful Operation," that sort of thing. I listened with fair amusement at 55 mph on Route 84 coming up to Lord's Valley, Pennsylvania. Then he began "The Least Successful Animal Rescue."

> . . . valiantly the British Army had taken over emergency fire fighting [there was a strike] and on the 14th of January they were called out by an elderly lady in South London to retrieve her cat which had become trapped up in a tree. They arrived in impressive haste and soon discharged their duty. So grateful was the lady that she invited them all in for tea. Driving off later, with fond farewells completed, they ran over the cat and killed it.

No superstitious Egyptian could relish cat fellowship more than I do. But the way a Red-Headed Person will read—very literally, with some great giggling surprise at what voice has made from eye and print—is delicious. Also I could imagine that British response. "I say, Mum, look here—'fraid we've rather done it for your cat. Bit of a rum go, what with the tea and all." I began, unspectacularly enough, to laugh.

AND THEN I knew: this was no uncomplicated mirth. This was My Laugh. The first huzzas had already been spendthrift. I sucked now but couldn't replenish my chest. An interlobe memo went out, I remember that: YOU MUST PULL OVER UNTIL THIS STOPS. Yet by that time my vision had washed off, not colorfast. I heard the shotgun-blast sound—I heard it, laughing—as my rear fishtailed into a guardrail at 55 mph. Glass pebbles struck us from behind: my tailgate window had disintegrated. I saw, still in wild, senseless, exasperating hilarity, saw the front swerve to hit. I tried braking, but my right leg was up, disorganized by merriment: the damn thing wouldn't go down. We crashed again, I think, and came off. I understood—the reasoning after all was impeccable—that we would probably be hurt. My front smashed against metal another time: for 250 feet paint and headlight glass and trim ground off. The guardrail ransacked us. My car came to a stop only when both right tires had gone flat.

We leaned, unhurt, against the guardrail for some time. I put my hand on his knee. He put his hand on mine. We congratulated sun and trees for their great composure given our recent circumstance. Later, walking back, I found one hubcap driven *through* the guardrail, so intense, if sideward, had our impact been. What sort of careening, murderous doll my body might have become without seat belts, I won't speculate: yet, as Christopher said twice, "I put it on for the first time today." And one hour later—after a wrecker found us—we were pointed at Lock Haven again: new wheels, new headlight, broken door, strangely clear tailgate window. There is no more resilient machine than a Cutlass Cruiser station wagon.

I doze in my coffin now and then. Death doesn't irk me much—it shouldn't irk any Christian much—though I can't say I have a big crush on it either. Dispatch and timing, as in most art forms, will matter to me. Dismemberment I



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haven't a careful opinion on. And the death or dismemberment of red-headed persons I refuse to contemplate, thank you, right here. But dying is a grand, secret sweetener. Chinese poets, I am told, define beauty as "love touched by death." It can be implicit in good digestion or in a large, humorous cat or, *quod erat demonstrandum*, in the joy that laughter is. No well-ordered universe could spiral away without it. But I speak intellectually. In truth what your soul knows about death, the Tuesday mind will pawn for busfare. To function with such grandeur and finality around is disconcerting: we aren't dressed for it. Man is the Knower Who Won't Know. That paradox, don't make me laugh, has set him up for high, exquisite pratfalls of the heart. And somewhere beyond Promised Land, Pennsylvania, Christopher said, "You know, Dad, we're going to the scrimmage—just like we were supposed to. I mean, we're driving. Here."

"Yes?"

"But back there two hours ago, I knew I was gonna die. I saw the rail and I, you know, could feel it. And here we're still driving. Nothing is *different*. I don't understand that."

You will, Christopher. Soon enough. You will. □

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

EQUITY AND THE CONSTITUTION, *by Gary L. McDowell (University of Chicago, 180 pp., $20)*. Earl Warren is not, as one might have expected, the villain of this piece, merely a somewhat simple-minded agent who immersed himself in, and carried to a logical conclusion, a process that was incubating long before his time. That process was the mutation of equity from a precisely crafted instrument of remedial justice to a technique of constitutional subversion. Writing with detachment and restraint, Professor McDowell explains how this happened according to a process that Jefferson foresaw, and which he described as "the audacious, bare-faced, and sweeping [judicial] pretension to a system of law for the U.S. without adoption by their legislature and so infinitely beyond their power to adopt." McDowell's syle is spare: perhaps too spare, for the quantum leap from Story and Field to Warren and Brennan—largely compressed into the footnotes of a single chapter—could well make a book in itself. Though the tale is depressing the ending is upbeat, as the author throws a roundhouse right, adapting the excoriation of judicial government from Lincoln's First Inaugural. This devastating blow follows two left jabs intended as suggestions for bridling the Supreme Court and its unrepresentative, self-serving constituency: one emphasizing that any benign consequences of judicial imperialism could have been achieved via legitimate and constitutional means; the other emphasizing even more strongly the gulf that separates the Constitution from what the Supreme Court has said about it.

GERALD T. DUNNE

NONI AND OTHER STORIES, *by Joan H. King (Classic Press, 109 pp., $11.95)*. Joan King had a splendid idea: to look deeply into the faces of the women painted by Farr Hinlen—one-time curator of the Department of Decorative Arts at the Metropolitan Museum, and Newport's most famous portraitist—and to flesh out their stories in a series of sketches, some historical, some fictional. One of these women is a sharp-tongued Italian aristocrat who rejects young Hinlen's portrait but gives the aspiring artist some timely advice; another, a Parisian shoplifter whom Hinlen has seen snitching a coral necklace; yet another, the Noni of the title, daughter and niece respectively of the Good and Bad Susan Schermerhorns who went down with the *Titanic*. Each story is different, each beautifully executed—although the balance of the book suffers in contrast. The selections Mrs. King has given us are in a number of cases fragmentary, with little unifying structure. But she writes with an economy of words, and her points are subtle and ironic. An amusing rundown on doggie bags in posh New York eateries leads to a discussion of such practices a century ago, when one gentleman at least, Mrs. King reports, had his frock coat fitted with rubber-lined pockets. How does it feel (this incident has got to be autobiographical) to find that you are the mother whom a graduating prep-school class has cited for "supportiveness," meaning that you will put up, entertain, feed, and keep in beer the new graduates over graduation week? And there is a marvelously imaginative dinner-table courtship between *Noix de Veau* and *Noisette d'Agneau*. Joan King, who is married to a foreign correspondent/diplomat, lived in France for many years. She now divides her time between Manhattan, where she works for a publisher, and her native Newport, Rhode Island. This is the world she moves in, talks and writes about, with the mixed affection and impatience one accords to the familiar world one has grown up in.

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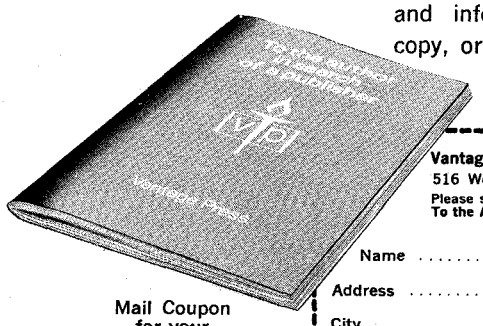

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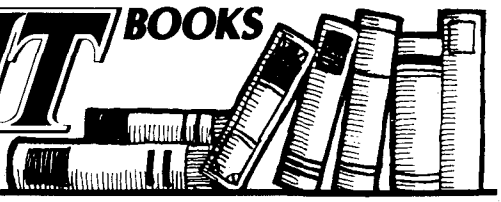

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

LIKE MANY books that have their origin in a lecture series, *Channels of Power: The Impact of Television on American Politics* (Basic Books, $14.95), by Austin Ranney, frequently has you wondering whether you haven't heard all this before—perhaps at some lecture series you never attended. Nevertheless Mr. Ranney, although he does not have much new to say, offers an evenhanded—maybe too evenhanded—appraisal of the effect television has had on our political system since the 1940s. His conclusion: "Government has become weaker in the age of television, and the networks' portrayal of politics has played a significant role in that weakening."

Elected public officials, Ranney believes, "have much less influence as leaders, and their political lives are less fun." Owing to television's dominance over the primary- and general-election campaigns, it is hard for anyone who would not also make a successful television actor to be nominated and elected to political office. More, "The networks' news decisions about which aspirants for presidential nominations have a serious chance and which do not make them, willy-nilly, participants in the political process—for those decisions have far more influence on who can stay in the race and who cannot than any judgments made by other politicians." Once elected, the successful candidate for political office finds himself a victim of the networks' need to fill their newscasts with startling and "newsworthy" information—thus, as Ranney points out, speeding up political time: Television "has inflated politicians' rhetoric and people's expectations about what government can do; and it has reduced the time politicians have to put their programs in place and show results that will meet those expectations."

Yet even as it has encouraged politicians to bloviate, television has, by its propensity for scandal-mongering and incessant denigration of political incumbents, contributed to reducing still further the traditionally low regard in which Americans hold their public officials. The result is that the new breed of officeholders are led, by inclination and necessity, to devote themselves to public relations and to leave substantive matters to staff bureaucrats, whose increasingly important work is ignored by television reporters who find no excitement in footage of clerks in sweaters photocopying memos and aides squabbling over legislative presentation in rooms furnished with steel desks and Mr. Coffee machines. A further result is that batteries of so-called important stories serve merely to convince the fundamentally disinterested majority that politics is stupid and contradictory and that those who practice it deserve to have a tip delivered on their behalf to some zealous and antisocial agent of the IRS.

THERE HAS been speculation on the part of media-watchers of late that new developments in communications technology, such as satellite transmission and cable TV, will put an end to the dominance of the major networks and ensure greater diversity of access and opinion. Ranney, with solid justification I believe, discounts the prediction: If, as should be technologically possible by the Nineties, the National Conservative Political Action Committee and the National Organization for Women were to establish their own television channels, these would be watched only by the minority of the ideologically committed. For the foreseeable future, the world of TV—TV's world—will be as we know it today.

Ranney is at some pains to remind us that "whatever effect television has had . . . is not a transformation of what government in America is intended to be and once was . . . [but an intensification of] most of the fundamental characteristics of our system of government as planned by the Founding Fathers and nurtured by much of American tradition." Television—which gives 90 per cent of the American citizenry its political information—is the natural complement to democratic politics. In present-day America government provides the bread, while television provides the circuses. □


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**TEACHOUT**
(Continued from page 1412)

spent a goodly part of his formative years as part of an artistic community (as I did) is bound to take a more reasoned view of the homosexual, since the chances are high that he has known and worked with quite a few. Offhand, I can think of few things more disagreeable than a decisive move toward wholesale repression of the American homosexual; I am advocating no such thing here.

I am, however, warning those who wish to avoid such a move that, regardless of their personal feelings, conservatives have no *philosophical* objection to certain kinds of intolerance. Ultimately, the whole question boils down to whether or not the community has a right to preserve its conception of the American consensus by repressing those whose actions would tend to undermine it; and on this point the answer is clear. I'm put in mind of what Willmoore Kendall said when asked whether he was for or against freedom of speech:

> Temperamentally, like most Conservatives, I happen to be a man who in any given situation would always favor letting everybody have his "say"—temperamentally, I repeat, which is to say, *not* on principle but partly out of a selfish wish to satisfy my curiosity about what there is *to* say on whatever question happens to be up . . . in a certain kind of community, where people have in some sense *contracted* with one another to conduct their affairs on a freedom-of-speech basis or to treat each other as equals. . . . I recognize, *other things being equal* (recognize not just "temperamentally" but *to some extent* as a matter of principle), a *presumption* in favor of the let-'em-speak contingent and against the shut-'em-up contingent. . . . [But] one begins to suspect that the true American tradition is less that of our Fourth of July orations and our constitutional law textbooks, with their cluck-clucking over the so-called preferred freedoms, than, quite simply, that of riding somebody out of town on a rail.

In much the same sense I am "for" tolerance; but I am also very much "for" the American polity's right to ride the gay-rights movement out of town on a rail, too, assuming that enough people deem such an action appropriate, and I happen to believe that the second right is considerably more important than the first one. The sooner homosexuals in America realize just how widespread that belief is, the better for everyone—gay *and* straight. □


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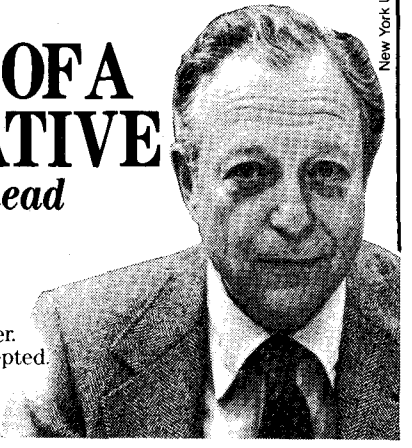
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# The Almost Right Stuff

On The Right

*New York*, Oct. 24—A few things should be said about the movie *The Right Stuff*, which is coming in with the biggest bang since *Gone with the Wind*.

The first is that seeing it is not an experience comparable to reading Tom Wolfe's book. This is a point especially relevant given that the producers tried very hard, spared no expense, and were wonderfully ingenious. The best example of their relative failure is the reception for the astronauts given at the Houston Astrodome. In the book, four or five of the most hilarious pages in modern social commentary describe an event that is at once vulgar, boisterous, and poignant. In the movie all the humor is gone, and we are exposed merely to the celebration of vulgarity, which, next to the conquest of space, is what the movie mostly focuses on. Tom Wolfe's genius brings to the study of almost every situation the leavening humor that makes tolerable—well, makes America tolerable.

And speaking of America, *The Right Stuff* is oddly unaware of it. It is always possible, if you are willing to put all collective human ventures under a microscope, to see only discrete personal acts. The movie gives us men who are merely brave, ambitious, and competitive. The notion that they were in any way animated by national pride would have struck the director as quaint. Indeed, wherever it becomes necessary to bring in the good old U.S.A. there is a smell of chauvinism, and sleaziness. There can't have been a more obnoxious human being than *The Right Stuff*'s Lyndon Johnson since, well, since the real Lyndon Johnson. Jack Kennedy gives boilerplate talks about the challenge to America, various senators are depicted worrying about the political implications of it all—America, in the movie, is a sideshow. In the book, however lightly done, America is, really, the main event. The astronauts were up to something different from Evel Knievel's flamboyant assaults on gravity.

Mind you, it is a wonderful spectacular, with superb acting and direction, and memorable characterizations. You begin with the impact of the loneliness of a remote air base (Edwards, in California) where, out of sight, great feats are accomplished. Chuck Yeager, the legendary test pilot, is wonderfully depicted by actor-author Sam Shepard. It is routine, at Edwards, to ride horses wildly (nice juxtaposition, the frontiersmen, old and new), drink up a vat of beer, pursue your woman (all the women are marvelously drawn), perhaps break a rib or two because of your recklessness. And then—the next day—you get into the cockpit, chew your gum, get dropped from the mother ship, and break the sound barrier. A couple of weeks later, the other man at the bar has gone Mach 1.3, so you know that, maybe tomorrow, maybe in a week or two, you will have to go for Mach 1.4. Let's drink to that. And, an important point to stress, in those days there were no parades, no publicity, no big contracts with *Life* magazine, because all this was, you see, secret stuff—Shh, get away from that telephone, boy, freedom of the press is one thing, national security is one thing better.

But then we discover the need for great funding. And that spigot can only be turned on by capturing the public imagination. So the flyboys—a brand-new set—go public. And when the astronauts went public, they went all the way. It was much harder on them than merely reaching the moon.

But here, again, a complaint. There is one scene—it is in the sequence of physical ordeals to which the astronauts were subjected by the medical examiners before being certified—so glaringly unnecessary as to bring forth from the audience only that nervous laughter that conceals embarrassment. The sheer tastelessness of it defies understanding. Perhaps cinéma vérité is going to require tomorrow's cameras to depict human beings in the act of excretion. It is sad to reflect that these are the tastemakers; that what individual directors of individual movies do is said to dictate today's folkway, tomorrow's *mos*. I have not studied the circuitry of audience resentment, and do not therefore know how a general disgust is communicated. The scene is hardly enough to bring on a substantial rejection of an otherwise entertaining and engrossing narrative. But it is a great blotch in the memory.

Go see it. And then, to remind yourself of the unique power of the written word, read, or reread, Tom Wolfe's book. There is no substitute for that wonderful experience. □

## ENTER NEIL KINNOCK

*New York*, Oct. 21—You certainly won't be able to say about the new leader of the British Labour Party that he is an ambiguist. He looks forward, he says, to a completely denuclearized Great Britain. He made this commitment/prediction without any reference to whether there would be denuclearization of the Soviet Union, which of course there would not be. Oh yes, and he added that not only would the Labour Party see to it that there should be no nuclear bombs owned and controlled by the British. Neither would there be any in Great

**"Did you ever have one of those days when *everything* seems like an abomination unto the Lord?"**



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Britain owned and controlled by NATO, or by the United States. I think that means that Mr. Neil Kinnock is saying in effect that Great Britain does not desire the military protection of the United States, and that is certainly a first for this century.

It is—in my judgment—a very good thing that the Labour Party elected as its new leader a gentleman whose views are so kooky-left. I say this as a friend of Great Britain, believing that the progressive identification of the Labour Party with the far Left guarantees that the party will be progressively less threatening. What Mr. Kinnock has said is the equivalent of Mrs. Thatcher's pledging that, say, the Conservative Party would preside over the liquidation of all forms of British welfare. Faced with such a polarization, the British voters would flock to center parties, in search of a little sanity.

Four years ago, Mr. Neil Kinnock spent an hour on television with two other British MPs and an American journalist. He touched on a number of subjects, one of them his belief that totalitarian societies tend to manage because, after all, they look after the essential needs of the people. "The systems of totalitarianism could not and would not have survived as long as they have—"

*Q.:* Without a gulag?

*Kinnock:* No, without simultaneously—Yes, a system of organized repression, but at the same time, that system of organized repression couldn't ensure the conformity of millions or hundreds of millions were it not for the additional provision of some kind of economic or vicarious satisfaction that keeps people in their places.

*Q.:* How do you know?

*Kinnock:* Well, for the very—I mean, history speaks for itself.

*Q.:* All the camps in Russia and all the concentration camps in Germany, the starvation in China, the starvation in Russia?

*Kinnock:* Yes, yes, okay. Wait a minute—throwing those instances around—Were it not for the fact that the Soviet and Chinese Communist systems—which I abhor and I couldn't live under—

Neil Kinnock is everywhere hailed as a young man of great personal charm and lively polemical wit. But you see the difficulties people get into who find themselves in such Orwellian binds. He has just declared that he "could not live" under such regimes as Hitler's or Andropov's. And four years later, he says that he intends to denuclearize Great Britain. Leaving then the question: What is it that would prevent the Soviet Union from extending its empire into Great Britain? Poison ivy?

The nature of freedom eludes men of the hard socialist stripe of Neil Kinnock. He was asked by the American whether, if Mrs. Thatcher's government enacted laws to regulate the behavior of the labor unions, these laws would be respected.

Such laws, he said, would "invoke social conflict."

*Q.:* Is this a threat, by the way?

*Kinnock:* Oh no, no, no. I think this is just a fact of life.

*Q.:* Do you think that the laws issued by the government would be obeyed by the trade unions?

*Kinnock:* No, because of the fact that they were malevolently coined, that they were superficially thought out . . .

*Q.:* Let's say there was a law that said there had to be 25 yards between pickets and that law was defied. Would you encourage civil disobedience?

*Kinnock:* I think it would be silly to introduce such a law.

*Q.:* I didn't ask you whether you thought it was silly. I asked whether you would encourage civil disobedience.

*Kinnock:* [An anti-picketing law would be] totally impractical.

So there we have it. But perhaps it has become academic to analyze the views of the leaders of the Labour Party. It is led now by someone who would not live under totalitarians, but rejects the only means of keeping totalitarians at bay; who profoundly believes in democracy, but would not commit himself to obeying democracy's laws. Exit the British Labour Party, it says here. □

## ABC LOVES PEACE

*New York*, Oct. 17—Listen to this, you will get a kick out of it.

A month ago the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW met at their regular editorial conference [for the September 30 issue]. On the agenda was the upcoming ABC extravaganza featuring the horrors of nuclear war. One editor made the suggestion that the film (it is called *The Day After*) be hailed as a wonderfully creative psychological boost for increased defense expenditures to guard against nuclear war. In other words, pat ABC on the back as though, in anticipation of the return of bubonic plague, it had planned a film theatrically showing what could happen if the plague hit an unprepared America.

Ha, ha. Many of our readers were unamused. The point being, of course, that on this subject, whatever the mind tells you, the emotions tend to prevail. Any American uninoculated by the See-Through virus will respond spastically to certain things. If you show him a picture of a school with all white children, he will come out for busing. If you show him a city slum, he will come out for some new federal program. If you show him post-nuclear rubble, he will come out against the MX missile. It is really that simple.

The producers of the ABC film have said defensively that no effort whatever was made "to politicize the film." That statement, made by Mr. Anthony Thomopoulos, president of the ABC Broadcast Group, will be bracketed with Andropov's insistence that the Soviet Union had shot down a spy plane, as the two outstanding flat-out lies of the fall season. One reporter called me and asked whether the writer who denounced the film had actually seen it. No. "Well how do you know it's anti-nuclear?" He might as well have asked how would one know, without first seeing it, that a film on the life of Martin Luther King produced by Jesse Jackson was in favor of civil rights.

It later got out that some people had seen the film, and guess what. To quote Sally Bedell Smith in the *New York Times* (Oct. 6): "Although the film never makes clear which side initiated hostilities [the film is about a few survivors in post-nuclearized America], two references are made to Soviet concern over the deployment of Pershing missiles. One, a fragment of a radio broadcast, quotes a Soviet official as saying that it was 'the coordinated movement of Pershing II launchers that provoked the original Soviet' action." That's ABC's idea of not politicizing a film.

And, of course, the peaceniks will run with it. Demonstrations are being arranged to frame the ABC event. All the people who believe that the way to get on with the Soviet Union is to give in to the Soviet Union will declare a national holiday. Something called the Center for Defense Information is planning a 60-second commercial narrated by Paul Newman offering viewers a "nuclear-war prevention kit." I plan to send in for one of those kits, and if Mr. Newman doesn't send me an MX missile, I'm going to report him to the Postal Service people for fraud. Oh dear. Will it ever end?

To boil it down. 1) The ABC people are getting into politics in a very big way. 2) Of all the strategic decisions made since the formation of NATO in 1949, the most important is the decision to deploy theater weapons of the Pershing- and cruise-missile type in Europe in December, as planned, as called for by our allies. 3) It is clearly the intention of the Soviet Union to attempt to abort that deployment. To that end, it has marshaled a) its agents and b) its dupes to ventilate the biggest non-sequitur in military history, namely that development by the United States of its defensive arsenal makes nuclear war likelier, rather than unlikelier. The $7-million cost of this massive deception is, of course, being paid for by American business. Or is it possible that, this time, American business will say no? □

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# Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

## DEFINITIONS

A. With the help of God and a few Marines, MacArthur retook them
25 114 11 101 106 156 173 187 32 195 / 36

B. Later on
31 13 63 28 42 186 192 157 9 61

C. A German-born author (1875-1955) (2 words)
46 10 127 194 7 68 116 141 148 197

D. ROY WEST SET (anagram) (2 words)
85 20 29 53 92 99 123 193 149 40

E. A resident of a large Canadian island
93 1 39 201 163 206 198 83 126 118 / 179 14

F. A popular song, 1935
110 21 142 102 2 129 65

G. Nonchalant
124 23 33 50 56 89 55 133 139 70 / 185

H. Where many a golf tournament is decided
131 57 77 105 90 41 47 51 104 121

I. Aurora borealis (2 words)
8 152 26 45 54 76 79 86 38 6 / 24 91 60 12

J. Certain attendants at ceremonies
137 140 168 182 188 5 16 44 75 81 / 94 107

K. You should not undergo these on easy-to-sail vessels
154 3 113 66 100 202 200 180 136

L. Just
159 72 95 67 166 78 143 165 122

M. A male from Borneo
162 96 172 191 176 74 111

N. To show
175 48 150 15 204 117 169 183

O. Denominated
17 19 34 43 49

P. The name of a beautiful girl
80 69 181 196 151 170 35

Q. Needing a drink
205 153 174 144 147 71 177

R. *Considerate*
211 59 134 22 52 130 145 207 73 164

S. A city in Iran, near the Soviet Union and Afghanistan (variant)
64 115 84 167 119 18

T. A safecracker
199 155 58 125

U. A pale to greyish yellow
4 190 27 209 203

V. They deny the existence of God
62 30 178 112 158 97 120 135

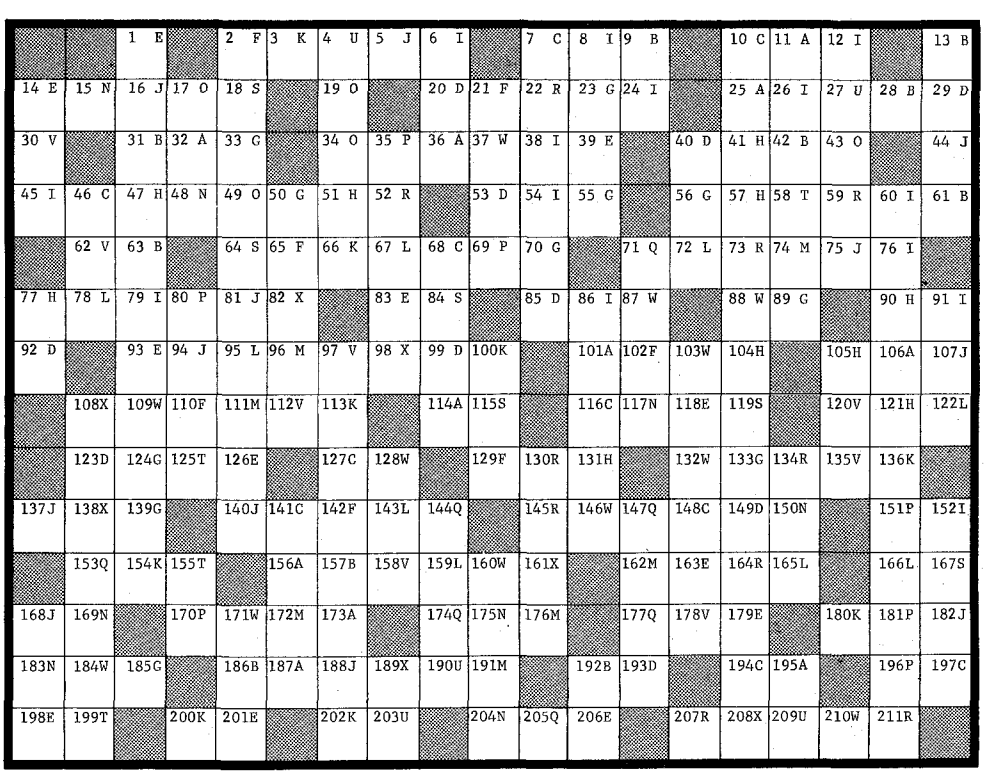
W. Cafés
132 88 103 128 87 37 210 109 146 160 / 171 184

X. The food-preparation area
189 208 161 108 138 98 82

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1434 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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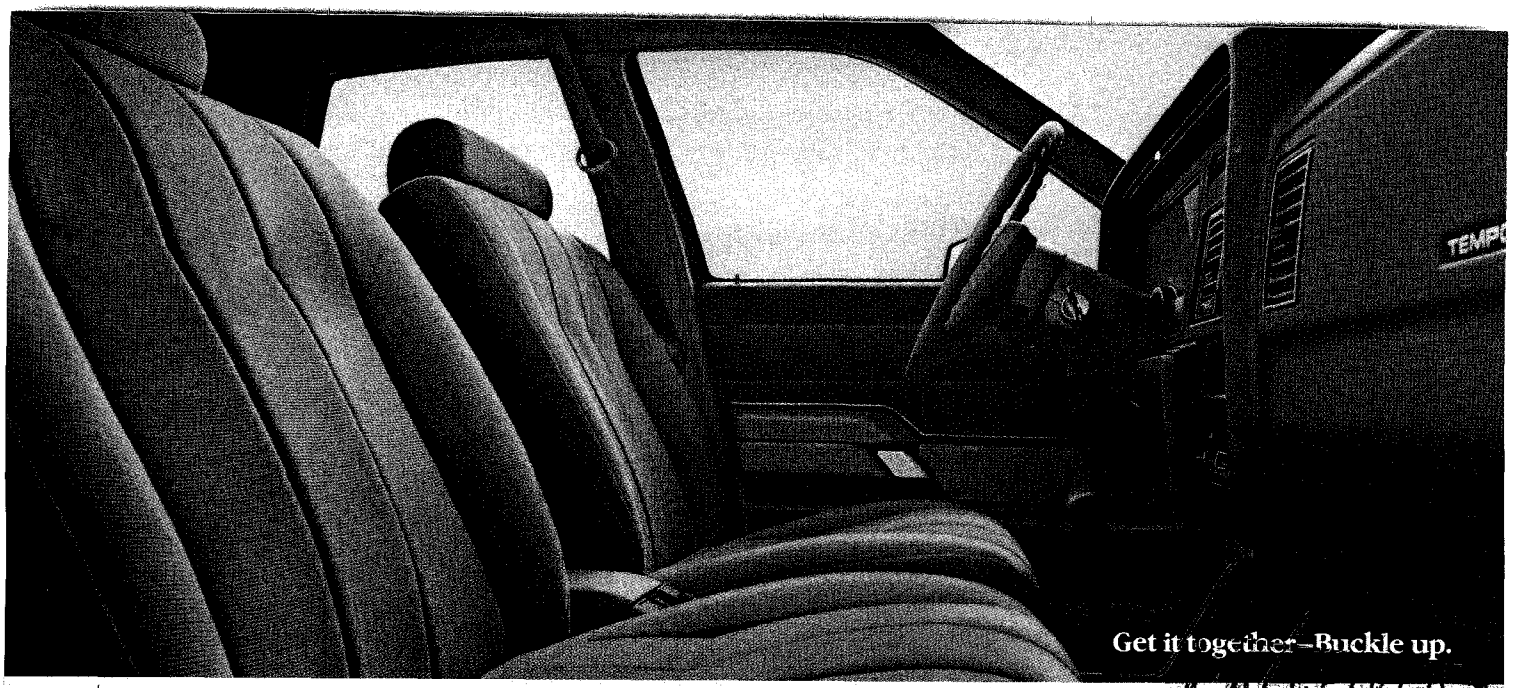


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